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"SUCH."

AS HE SAW IT.

Such ribbons and roses, such ringlets of hair;
Such feathers and flounces, so white and so fair;
Such rosy hued cheeks, such teeth and such eyes;
Such a snowy white neck, of such delicate size;
Such a bit of a waist, such a love of a hand;
Such a foot, such an ankle, such an air of grace, and
Such "a fine figure of a woman."

AS SHE SAW IT.

Such a fair, manly brow, such a modest moustache;
Such a winning way, no swagger or dash;
Such love-lighted eyes, such an aquiline nose;
Such a neck, such a neck-tie; such nice fitting clothes;
Such an air all at ease, such a model of grace;
Such a form, such a figure, such a beautiful face;
Such a gem of the species human.

AS SOMEBODY ELSE SAW IT.

Such a swell of a chap, such a gay flaunting belle;
Some brains, but more hair, no wisdom to sell;
Such near-sighted eye-glasses, astride such a nose;
Such an earnest desire for the largest of "shows;"
Such motions, such gesture, so vulgar and rude;
Such a pompous young snipe, such a mincing young prude;
So queer is the human vision.

THE DOOMED

I SUPPOSE I write this in the desperate hope of awakening sympathy in some human heart, albeit I shall never know it. It is a dreadful thing to go to the gallows abhorred by everybody; it is a more dreadful thing to have deserved it.

Not the gallows! it is not that I am afraid of. When I heard the words, "To be hanged by the neck till you are dead," I could have blessed the judge for that righteous and most merciful sentence. Anything to escape from the intolerable loathing of my fellow-creatures! Yet there is not one of them, who, in detestation of my crime, has less of pity for me than I myself. The thought of pain, of suffering by way of expiation, is a relief, to me; I would have it crueler, more shameful, if it might be. No horror that could be inflicted, would compare with the tremendous agony of living on, after such a deed. I must hope, as I suppose we all do, that death will bring some change involving, if not pardon and peace, some oblivion of the unendurable present. At times, I fancy it will all prove a dreadful dream; that I never did it.

I set out to relate how it happened. As no eye will read this until the hand which writes it is mouldering in the grave, I can have no object to serve but the avowed one of soliciting a grain of compassion, which, I know, can never be accorded while I live.

From my childhood, as far back as I can remember, I was of an eager, passionate nature, impulsive to a degree which would often have covered me with confusion and ridicule, but for the check of an unconquerable shyness, partly inherent, partly the result of circumstances. A plain-featured, awkward boy, a posthumous son by my mother's first marriage (she wedded again in the second year of her widowhood), my surroundings might have been happier. I was brought up strictly rather than affectionately, under the care of a stepfather. He ruled his family absolutely, but with as much justice as was consonant with a certain narrowmindedness common to men of his stamp. I think his creed, one of the severest as regards this life and the next, intensified this defect of his nature; I am sure it did not make him, or my mother, or me, any better or happier. She had not sufficient force of character, and respected that of her husband too much to attempt or to effect any modification of it. So he had his own way in everything.

I never loved my stepfather. His relation to me had, I believe, no share in influencing my feelings; they would have been the same had he been my real father; indeed, I always considered him as such. I may have taken advantage of the fact of my paternity in disobeying him in after life, but I certainly dared not do it then.

Ours was a dull household; mine was a sombre boyhood. I had plenty of repression, little love; that little bestowed timidly by my mother, the instincts of whose heart were wiser than the dictates of her husband's head. I believe her child stood paramount in her affections, and that she had given him a stepfather for his sake, rather than her own, being left very poor at her husband's decease. But she never exhibited this partiality so openly as to excite his successor's suspicion or jealousy. He might have grown kinder if he had had children of his own; but, with the exception of a baby which died in its infancy, my mother brought him none. I have heard that he seemed sorry and disappointed at this.

We lived in London, but saw little or no company, went to no parties, balls, theatres, or entertainments, my stepfather's creed and inclination disposing him against all such indulgences. He sent me to a good day-school, kept me to my tasks at home, allowed me no more play that could be prevented, and hated all books, except "serious" ones. "A pack of lies and nonsense," was his ordinary denunciation of works of fiction. I read them secretly, when the opportunity offered; they afford me almost the only pleasant retrospection I retain of my boy-days. I mention these things but in illustration of the circumstances amid which my character was formed.

Passionate, impulsive, and shy, these, I repeat, were its predominant features; the latter resulting from my comparative isolation from youth of my own age, and from a consciousness of awkwardness and plainness of feature. I was joked on both subjects by my school-fellows until I became angrily sensitive to them, and painfully confirmed in my shame-facedness. This, and the repressive influences at home, induced a morbid habit of reserve, which my approbativeness often burst through, to my subsequent chagrin and mortification. As any indication of temper brought correction or sharp comment from my stepfather, I had additional reason for self-control, but, until manhood, I never attained much more than the semblance of it. Then it deceived people, and in some degree myself, with respect to my disposition. If none of this had been forced upon me; if my eager, ardent nature had been allowed healthy vent; if what was good within me had ripened in the sunshine of affection, what bad, firmly but tenderly repressed, I might, at this hour, be an honored and happy man, instead of a condemned murderer. But God knows, and He only.

School days over, I entered my stepfather's office. He was a solicitor in good practice. I had no inclination towards the profession, but his suggestion carried its weight of authority, my mother considered it "very respectable," and I had hardly turned my thoughts in any definite direction. It answered indifferently well, and in due time I was articled.

Coming manhood did little towards emancipating me from the restraints of home. I had scarcely any command of money; and this, with a standing requisition that I should be in-doors every night by ten o'clock, virtually debarred me from amusement abroad. Naturally, I mutinied; and, after a struggle, effected the abolition of the latter privation, and some, but no considerable, improvement in the former. Both were conceded unwillingly and after pertinacious opposition, originating a series of quarrels which, after my mother's death, terminated in the total estrangement of myself and stepfather.

She was always weak, I think constitutionally inclined to consumption, and died in my twenty-first year. Her loss affected me extravagantly, but temporarily. My stepfather's sorrow was, like himself, grave and undemonstrative.

I forgot my loss the more rapidly from a youthful passion which then occupied me for the first time. It is my intention to speak only of circumstances which had a direct influence on my character, and this boy-love may be dismissed in a few sentences.

I fell in love with a sister of one of my acquaintances; a handsome, merry girl, my senior by a year, a coquette by nature. I submitted to her whims for twelve months, when we quarrelled our last quarrel and parted. The impetuosity with which I urged my suit had overborne her original distaste for my ugliness—it was no longer mere plainness—and my earnestness frightened her. She broke off, in spite of miserable humiliation on my part, leaving me to digest the pain and mortification of it. When she hears of my death (she married and went to India) she will think she had a happy escape. Perhaps she had.

I suffered more than common from so common an experience. It made me doubly sensitive to my defects, natural and acquired. I brooded retrospectively, nursed my wounded self-esteem into embittered egotism, yet despised myself for my recent failure. I labored to attain self-control, and, as aforesaid, achieved at least the mask of it. At this period the alienation between myself and stepfather reached a crisis, and terminated in my withdrawal both from his office and home.

I was able to keep myself, having acquired, with a world of pains and at the exercise of an amount of patience foreign to my nature, the art of stenography; though not a proficient in the craft, I had earned money by it. Besides which, I presently began to write for magazines and periodicals, at first poorly enough, and with proportionate remuneration. Long ago, perhaps in consequence of my stepfather's prohibition, I had become an eager reader of fiction, and this, germinating in a feverish, though diseased temperament, produced fruit of a sort which yet commanded a certain price.

Years passed, and I prospered, leading a very different life from that endured in my former home, but not a better one. My stepfather's example had disgusted me with professions of religion; I had no check of kindred or friends to restrain me from vicious indulgence, for my disposition was not calculated to attract those who could have helped me to purer pleasures, nor was it improved by pecuniary success.

That accursed shame-facedness, always my enemy, now deepened by a sense of impurity—I never went far enough to confound evil with good—impelled me to reject kindly advances made by the better sort of my own class; among the worst, I had companions, but no friends. My employers respected my intellect, but disliked me. Not to exaggerate my profligacy, let me state that it was rather spasmodic than habitual, nor ever openly defiant of the decencies of society. I lived this life for ten years. When, at times, I longed for a wife, a home, the recollection of past mortification, of present unfitness, of my ugliness, deterred me from seeking them. And, self-indulgence palling upon my appetite, I presently devoted myself exclusively to literary ambition.

Four years of persistence produced their results. I come now to the train of circumstances which brought me here.

It was at Scarborough, whither I had gone in consequence of indisposition, that chance made me acquainted with her uncle. You know whom I mean by her—there is no need to mention names. A watering-place intimacy sprang up between us, renewed at the uncle's request on our return to the metropolis. He was an old bachelor, fond of books and curious about authors. He invited me to his house, introduced me to his brother's family. I went there idly, out of courtesy to him, or out of curiosity. I wish I had fallen dead on the threshold!

They were hospitable people, dwelling in a pleasant house in a London suburb, with a garden and conservatory; its owner had retired from business on something more than competence. His family consisted of a son and two daughters. She was the youngest. What did I see in her that it should light up such a fire in my heart?

A girl of sixteen, with kind, thoughtful, brown eyes; soft, smooth, fair hair; and rosy cheeks. That was all. A mere girl, less than half my age, pretty, very pretty, but neither clever nor beautiful. I had looked upon scores of faces more perfect in feature, brighter in intellect, without any quickening of the pulse or more than transient admiration. Yet I saw and loved her. If I could tell how imperiously the passion took possession of me, how it enthralled my whole nature to the exclusion of everything but that one tyrannic idea, the crowning horror that grew out of it might be understood, if not pitied.

It began innocently enough, God knows. I went to the house, as I have said, at first in company with her uncle, then with or without him, always obtaining a cordial welcome. There was a goodness, an unaffected kindness in the little family, manifest in its mutual relations, in its behavior to friends and visitors, which won upon me in spite of my distrust of myself and others. I had never seen anything like it, never known how much of affection, of unconscious self-sacrifice, of mutual esteem and forbearance might be comprised in the one word home.

They were not brilliant people, nor more highly bred or educated than thousands of their class. They read books, went occasionally to the theatre, loved music, dancing, and innocent pleasures, and were glad to admit their friends to a share of them. The father, a cheery, hospitable man, liked company, and his wife saw only through his eyes. For a time, my shyness kept me in the back-ground, but the unvarying kindness with which I was received, gradually dissipated my reserve. I loved the family, and felt better and happier for knowing them.

The girls often sang to us of evenings. I wonder whether I am unusually sensitive to sweet voices, that hers should have affected me as it did, waking up some earthly responsive longing in my soul as for something I had never known, something I should never attain, which was delicious, yet exquisitely painful.

Her girlish ways, her manner as she went about her household duties or performed the little rites of hospitality, possessed an indescribable fascination for me, totally irreconcilable with reason or with my colder judgment; for, strange as it may seem, I knew her as she was, even when most under the influence of the passion which controlled me. I knew it, but had no power to break the enchantment.

She never suspected it—as how should she? I was so much her elder that she regarded me as out of the pale of those who might be attracted by her girlish beauty. To her, a girl of sixteen, I was an odd-looking man, a visitor, a friend of the family, nothing more. My intellectual superiority made her timid. She never dreamed of her power over me.

The touch of her hand, accidental contact with her dress, the upturned glance of her kind, calm eyes, filled me with tremor; my whole nature became resonant to her presence. When I conversed, it was always with a secret hope that she would listen or reply. I never spoke to her without a miserable desire to interest her, and a wretched sense of failure. I revolved, over and over again in my mind, the trivial words that passed between us, pondering on the tones in which she had spoken, and nursing the unrest which devoured me like a burning fever.

So it went on, day by day, week after week, for six months.

There was a handsome lad of fifteen, a schoolfellow of her brother, who came to the house, and whose fancy selected her as the object of a boyish passion; one rife with day-dreams and romance, but of no more depth or consequence than such fancies ordinarily are. I noticed it at the outset. I believe I discovered it before he himself had any distinct consciousness of the feeling. When evident to all, and something of a joke in the family, she was secretly pleased, though she affected to look down upon him as her junior—a year is a great gap in a girl's estimation. Too simple-hearted to comprehend coquetry, she yet knew she was pretty, and her admirer's passion flattered and amused her into innocent vanity. I think she had no idea that anything serious would come of it, but she certainly liked and listened to him.

That tortured me. The boy was in earnest. I have said he was handsome, and the contrast between his fresh youthful face, his buoyant spirits and healthy nature, with mine, filled me with gall and wormwood. He, in spite of his bashfulness and blushing modesty, could find topics enough to talk about, and could interest her. There were no awkward intervals of silence between them. She smiled or laughed when he entered the room, and called him "Harry." I have sat, time after time, and watched them with unutterable envy and unutterable misery in my heart. I wonder now that I restrained myself so well, but nobody suspected me—not till the dreadful end.

The family went out of town, in the month of June, to a village, eastward of London, on the border of a forest. They had humble friends there, and generally stayed at the cottage of a woman who had been her and her sister's nurse. And I and the uncle were invited to visit them at pleasure—it was barely a three hours' coach journey. In August, I did so, as it happened, alone.

I met the father in the footpath across the meadow which led to the village, on his way to town, and he—God help him! I was never again to see his face turned towards me in friendship and confidence—gave me a cheery greeting, and bade me go on and enjoy myself, promising to return at nightfall. "The girls are starting for a pic-nic in the forest," he said; "you'll be just in time."

I saw her at the window in the cottage gable, with a garland of summer flowers in her hair, laughing through the honeysuckle at those below. She smiled and nodded a welcome to me. There were not many present; her brother, sister, two cousins (girls), a country friend, and Harry. I knew he was stopping with them, yet his presence gave me a pang as if my heart had been suddenly gripped by a cruel human hand. They all seemed glad to see me, and, my respects paid to the mother, who did not care to be of the party, we set out for the forest together. In spite of his sisters' objections, their brother took with him a foolish pistol which he had, for the purpose of shooting at a mark.

Throughout that sultry summer's day, the sun of which was not to set without leaving on my forehead the brand of Cain, by dusty lane and green hedgerow, among the trees in the forest, Harry kept by her side, driving me mad. He was happy, very happy, for the occasion increased her natural good-humor and good spirits, perhaps her liking for her boyish lover. A fortnight of daily, almost hourly, intimacy in that idle holiday time, had naturally brought them closer together, and he, at once intoxicated by his passion and the sweet influences surrounding him, was more enamoured than ever. So he kept by her side, nobody challenging his right to that position. I see them now; he with his youthful, glowing face, all admiration and enjoyment; she, in her light dress and straw hat, her sweet eyes just raised in answer to him, and a smile on her lips. One of the party jestingly called my attention to them once—as if that were needed.

We rambled about in the forest until noontide, and for an hour longer, presently dining in an open space where were some fallen trees and a little spring. He sat at her feet, and as much as possible engrossed her conversation. Her brother joked him on it, and I joined in the laugh. We were all very merry together, and my conduct excited no suspicion. I talked gaily, and observed her looking at me more than once in quiet surprise. Fury and despair were raging in my heart, yet I talked lightly and merrily; and, when the brother proposed that we should try our skill in shooting at an extemporised target, I bore my part like a boy amongst boys.

Tiring of this and of other sports, we rambled hither and thither. Then, I feigned drowsiness, and they left me, to come back in an hour or so, bidding me take care of our dinner baskets. The brother left his pistol; it was heavy, and he tired of his plaything. When they had all gone off among the bushes, I sat up on a fallen tree, and loaded the weapon. I declare before Heaven, I had no thought then of the dreadful use to which I was soon to put it; I had an inclination to play with the idea of suicide.

It was fascinating, in my maddened morbid state, to put the muzzle between my teeth, and fancy what pulling the trigger would effect. I imagined it in detail. A horrible crash and a great darkness. I should be found on their return, lying beside the log, dead. How shocked they would be, how horrified! What would she say? Would she be sorry? How little she or any one in the world would suspect the cause of it! I should carry my secret with me into the next world; perhaps I should be at rest, and people would pity me.

The thought grew upon me, so that I rose to dissipate it; rose and strolled off among the trees, with the accursed pistol in my pocket. My hands behind me, my head bowed, my eyes on the grass, I went, walking slowly, thinking of her.

It might have been five minutes, it might have been an hour, when I heard a girl's voice, carolling merrily—a voice and song I knew well. A dizziness was in my ears, my heart throbbed tumultuously and painfully. I raised my eyes and saw her alone, coming towards me, down a footpath into which I had wandered.

She had never looked prettier or kinder. There was a rosy flush of health and exercise upon her cheek, a sweet light of love in her eyes, and a glory of afternoon sunshine streaming through the boughs upon her fair brown hair. Something told me that the boy's ardour had won, if not a reciprocation of his passion, at least an unusually favorable hearing. I turned, and we walked side by side. "Where were the others?" I asked.

"Oh, coming, but a long way behind. She had run away from them." And she laughed.

"Why?"

"They had teased her. She was glad to have met me, as I would take her part."

"And Harry?" She blushed, and, returning an evasive answer, stole a sidelong glance behind. I looked behind, too. There was no one visible.

"He loves you," I said. She blushed deeper than before, and turned her face away, and we walked on in silence for a few seconds. Then it came. "I love you!" I said. "Do you know what a man's love is?" And I poured forth a flood of passionate, incoherent words, such as cannot be recalled or written down, such as men sometimes utter once in a lifetime.

She listened, amazed—affrighted. There was more than that in her face. As I seized her hand and told her of my hopelessness and agony, I saw, distinctly, in the girlish countenance, a look of repugnance and aversion. She broke from me, and attempted to run away. The next moment, I stood with the discharged pistol in my hand, a little smoke curling upwards from its muzzle.

* * * * * * * * *

What need to narrate how I fled from the spot, the long red bars of sunset streaming after me through the wood, like the fires of hell? How I longed for death, yet had not the courage to slay myself? How I gave myself up to justice for that murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death?

BEN M'CONACHY'S GREAT DOG SELL.

A great many dogmas have been written, and may continue to be written, on dogs. Confessing, once, to a dogmatical regard for dogs, we "went in" for the canine race, with a zeal we have bravely outgrown; and we live to wonder how men—to say nothing of spinsters of an uncertain age—can heap money and affections upon these four-legged brutes, whose sole utility is to doze in the corner or kennel, terrify stray children, annoy horsemen, and keep wholesome meat from the stomachs of many a poor, starving beggar at your back gate. There is no use for dogs in the city, and precious little use for them anywhere else; and as Boz says of oysters—you always find a preponderance of dogs where you find the most poor people. Philadelphia's the place for dogs; in the suburbs, especially after night, you will find the dogs a still greater and more atrocious nuisance. No rowdy, or gentleman at large, in the Quaker City, feels finished, without a lean, lank, yellow dog trotting along at their heels; while the butchers and horse-dealers revel in a profusion of mastiffs and dastardly curs, perfectly astounding—to us. This brings us to a short and rather pithy story of a dog sell.

Some years ago, a knot of men about town, gentlemen highly "posted up" on dogs, and who could talk hoss and dog equal to a Lord Bentick, were congregated in a famous resort, a place known as Hollahan's. A dog-fight that afternoon, under the "Linden trees," in front of the "State House," gave rise to a spirited debate upon the result of the battle, and the respective merits of the two dogs. Words waxed warm, and the disputants grew boisterously eloquent upon dogs of high and low degree—dogs they had read of and dogs they had seen; and, in fact, we much doubt if ever before or since, this side of "Seven Dials" or St. Giles', there was a more thorough and animated discussion on dogs witnessed.

An old and rusty codger—one whose outward bruises might have led a disciple of Paley to imagine they had caused a secret enjoyment within, sat back in the nearest corner, towards the stove, an attentive auditor to the thrilling debate. Between his outspread feet, a dog was coiled up, the only indifferent individual present, apparently unconcerned upon the subject.

"Look here," said the old codger, tossing one leg over t'other, and taking an easy and convenient attitude of observation; "look here, boys, you're talkin' about dogs!"

"Dogs?" says one of the most prominent speakers.

"Dogs!" echoes the old one.

"Why, yes, daddy, we are talking about dogs."

"What do you know about dogs!" says a full-blown Jakey, looking sharply at the old fellow.

"Know about dogs?"

"A' yes-s," says Jakey; "I bet dis five dollars, ole fellar, you don't know a spaniel from a butcher's cur."

"Well," responds the old one, transposing his legs, "may be I don't, but it's my opinion you'd make a sorry *fiste* at best, if you had tail and ears a little longer!"

This sally amused all but the young gentleman who "run wid de machine," and attracted general attention towards the old man, in whose eyes and wrinkles lurked a goodly share of mother wit and shrewdness. Jakey backing down, another of the by-standers put in.

"Poppy, I expect you know what a good dog is?"

"I reckon, boys, I orter. But I'm plaguy dry listening to your dog talk—confounded dry!"

"What'll you drink, daddy?" said half a dozen of the dog fanciers, thinking to wet the old man's whistle to get some fun out of him. "What'll you drink? Come up, daddy!"

"Sperrets, boys, good old sperrets," and the old codger drank; then giving his lips a wipe with the back of his hand, and drawing out a long, deep "ah-h-h-h!" he again took his seat, observing, as he partially aroused his ugly and cross-grained mongrel—

"Here's a dog, boys."

"That your dog, dad?" asked several.

"That's my dog, boys. He is a dog."

"Ain't he though?" jocularly responded the dog men.

"What breed, daddy, do you call that dog of yours?" asked one.

"Breed? he ain't any breed, he ain't. Stand up, Barney (jerking up the sneaking-looking thing). He's no breed, boys; look at him—see his tushes! Growl, Barney, growl! Ain't them tushes, boys? He's no breed, boys; he's original stock!"

"Well, so I was going to say," says one.

"That dog," says another, "must be valuable."

"Waluable?" re-echoes the old man, "he is all that, boys; I wouldn't sell him; but, boys, I'm dry, dry as a powder horn—so much talkin' makes one dry."

"Well, come up, poppy; what'll you take?" said the boys.

"Sperrets, boys, good old sperrets. I do like good sperrets, boys, and that sperrets, Mister, (to the ruffled-bosomed barkeeper) o' yourn is like my dog—can't be beat!"

"Well, daddy," continued the dog men, "where'd you get your dog?"

"That dog," said the old fellow, again giving his mouth a backhander, and his "ah-h-h!" accompaniment, "well, I'll tell you, boys, all about it."

"Do, poppy, that's right; now tell us all about it!" they cried.

"Well, boys, 'd any you know Ben McConaschy, out here at the Risin' Sun Tavern?"

"We've heard of him, daddy—go on," said they.

"Well, I worked for Ben McConaschy one winter; he was a pizen mean man, but his wife—wasn't she mean? Why, boys, she'd spread all the bread with butter afore we sat down to breakfast; she'd begin with a quarter pound of butter, and when she'd got through, she had twice as much left."

"But how about the dog, daddy! Come, tell us about your dog."

"Well, yes, I'll tell you, boys. You see, Ben McConachy owned this dog; set up, Barney—look at his ears, boys—great, ain't they? Well, Ben's wife was mean—meaner than pizen. She hated this dog; she hated anything that et; she considered anybody, except her and her daughter, (a pizen ugly gal) that et three pieces of bread and two cups of coffee at a meal, awful."

"Blow the old woman; tell us about the dog, poppy," said they.

"Now, I'm coming to the pint—but, Lord, boys, I never was so dry in my life. I am dry—plaguy dry," said the old one.

"Well, daddy, step up and take something; come," said the dog men; "now let her slide; how about the dog?"

"Ah-h-h-h! that's great sperrets, boys. Mister, (to the barkeeper) I don't find such sperrets as that often. Well, boys, as you're anxious to hear about the dog, I'll tell you all about him. You see, the old woman and Ben was allers spatten 'bout one thing or t'other, and 'specially about this dog. So one day Ben McConachy heard a feller wanted to buy a good dog, down to the drove yard, and he takes Barney—stand up, Barney—see that, boys, how quick he minds! Great dog, he is. Well, Ben takes Barney, and down he goes to the drove yard. He met the feller; the feller looked at the dog; he saw Barney was a dog; he looked at him—asked how old he was—if that was all the dog Ben owned—and he seemed to like the dog—but, boys, I'm gittin' dry—rotted dry."

"Go on, tell us all about the dog, then we'll drink," says the boys.

"'Well,' says Ben McConachy to the feller, 'now, make us an offer for him.' Now, what do you suppose, boys, that feller's first offer was?"

The boys couldn't guess it; they guessed and guessed, some one price, some another, all the way from five to fifty dollars—the old fellow continuing to say "No," until they gave it up.

"Well, boys, I'll tell you; that feller, after looking and looking at Ben McConachy's dog, tail to snout, half an hour—didn't offer a red cent for him! Ben come home in disgust, and give the dog to me—there he is. Now, Boys, we'll have that sperrits."

But on looking around, the boys had cut the pit—mizzled.

HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.

IT may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy julips, cigar boxes, bootjacks, absconding shirt buttons, whist, and dominoes. Shadows present—hoop skirts, bandboxes, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, little willow chairs, cradles, pap, sugar teats, paregoric, hive syrup, soothing syrup, senna, squills, and doctor's bills. Shadows future—more nine-pound babies, more hive syrup, etc., etc. I'll just tell you how I got caught.

I was always the darndest, tea-custard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approach me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one. 'Twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a fence looking through a knot hole, I couldn't look at one long enough.

Well, my sister, Lib, gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house, whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, and watching the heads bob up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shin up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I quickly found myself snug in bed. "Now," says I, "let her rip! dance till your wind gives out!" and cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft-shell crabs, and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and waked me up. "Rapped" again. I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!"

Then I heard a whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside.

"Rap, rap!"

Then Lib sings out—

"Jack, are you in there?"

"Yes," says I.

Then came a roar of laughter.

"Let us in," says she.

"I won't," says I; "can't you let a fellow alone?"

"Are you abed?" says she.

"I am," says I.

"Get up," says she.

"I won't," says I.

Then came another laugh. By thunder! I began to get riled.

"Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!" I cried. "Can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't; so you may clear out!". Then, throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But, presently, oh! mortal buttons, I heard a still small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said:—

"Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girl's things are in there!"

Oh, Lord! what a pickle! think of me in a bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets, and cloaks, and twenty girls outside waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think, I would have fainted on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet wire and ribbons in a hurry.

"Smash!" went the millinary in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls *will* peek—and the way I tumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door, and found myself right among the women.

"Oh! my leghorn," cries one; "my dear darling winter velvet," cries another; and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal——, her name was—put her arms right around my neck, and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I give her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cæsar till the Fourth of July.

"Jack," says she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?"

"Yes," said I, "I will." I did do it, and had another smack at the gate, too.

After that, we took a turtle-doving after each other, and both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.

'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hog pen—the chickens were going to roost—the bullfrogs were commencing their evening songs—the pollywogs in their native mudpuddles were preparing them for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated backlog, listening to the music of nature, such as tree toads, roosters, grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks, and came heavily laden with the delicious odors of henroosts and pigstyes. The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the brass buttons of a solitary horseman, shone from a knot-hole in the hog pen fall in Sal's face, dyeing her hair with an orange-peel hue, and showing off my thread-bare coat to a bad advantage. One of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back—she was toying with my auburn locks of jet black hue; she was almost gone and I was ditto. She looked like a grasshopper dying with the hiccups, and I felt like a mud turtle choked with a cod-fish ball.

"Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?"

She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and the blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe strings to her palate, said,

"Yes!"

She gave clear out then, and squatted in my lap. She corkscrewed, and I curfumixed, and rolled in it. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions which she had eaten the week before.

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced every night for four weeks, how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovite ducks.

The night, the company, and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm and arm we marched through the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor door, when, down I went, kerslap on the oilcloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cursed fellow had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimeres, right under my dress coat tail.

It was too late to back out; so, clapping my hand over it, we marched in and were spliced, and taking a seat, I watched the kissing of the bride operation. My groomsman was a little tight, and he kissed her until I jumped up to take a slice, when, oh, horror! a little six-year old imp had crawled behind me, and pulling my shirt through the hole in my pants, had pinned it to a chair, and in jumping up, I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude, a trifle more white muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men reared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and there all my troubles ended.

HOW HE WAS ELECTED.—Two years ago, our friend J—— H. E——, who lives over in the mining district, about Shullsburg, ran for the Legislature. The district was close, and it required the best foot forward to win. The profits to be derived from an election were nothing, but the idea of defeat did not allow any stone to remain unturned by either party to secure a vote. J—— is in the mining business, and at times employs a number of men, who dig and delve in the bowels of the earth for his profit—so the day before election he engaged about fifty republican voters to work for him the forenoon of Tuesday, and go to the polls in the afternoon. Being prompt pay, he had no difficulty in getting what help he wanted: so bright and early Tuesday morning, fifty-three good republicans stood gathered around the shaft leading down into the hill one hundred and thirty feet, waiting for J——. Soon he came, and down the long ladder the party went, till they struck the bottom, when separating to follow the different veins or lodes, soon they were all hard at work, with pick, chisel and drill, digging, cutting and blasting for the bright cubes of lead so plenty thereabouts. J—— passed around from group to group of men, joked with and directed them in their labors till half-past eleven, when he very coolly put on his coat, ascended the ladder, reached the surface, drew a long breath and with the help of two or three friends in the secret, drew the ladder up after him, leaving fifty-three good republican voters hard at work a hundred feet below, with no means of getting out till the ladder was replaced! Taking two sections of the ladder off to have some new rounds put in, he left for the polls, a mile distant, and when the votes were counted at night, to the surprise of his opponent, J—— had forty-two majority!

An hour later there might have been seen fifty-three able bodied men, each one bearing a lighted candle, emerging from a certain hole in the ground, like ants from a vial of molasses, profaning fearfully, and vainly seeking for the man who "pulled up that ladder," but for two days, no such man could be found. Concluding they had been sold in earnest, after a consultation, the miners agreed to charge nothing for their services, drink at J——'s expense, and let the matter drop—but he was elected.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ATHLETIC, Philadelphia.—"1. Does the striker after having missed the ball three times and not held by the catcher, but fielded to first base in time to put him out, score struck out or out at 1st base? 2. In reporting passed balls, is it customary to report all bases or only the runs made from 3d base to home? 3. If a ball should strike the batsman, is it a foul ball, and can he be put out in case the ball is taken as required in Sec. 11th, rules of the game as adopted March 14, 1860. 4. Is the batsman compelled to avoid the balls striking him, or can he stand still at his base, taking them as they come, when by so doing he may enable a man at the 3d base to score his run?".....1. Struck out. 2. Runs made on all bases. 3. It is not a foul ball. 4. He must avoid the ball, or he is liable to be put out according to rule 20.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—*Quoits.*—You say, "In pitching a game of Quoits of five yards, suppose I pitch a quoit on the hub, but not a ringer, and my opponent places his on the top of mine, what I want you to decide is which one wins, the under or top one?".....To which we reply that, in such a case as you describe, the under quoit wins, because the rule is that whichever of the two comes in contact with the hub is the winner. If the upper quoit should happen to lie so as to not be exactly over the under, but sufficiently canted to also come in contract with the hub, than there is no count, but the play is a draw. Being a ringer or not is of no consequence, because a ringer never equals a toucher.

C. H. H., N. Y.—There are several kinds of mange, so that we are unable to prescribe for your dog with certainty until we have "a bill of details." You might try the following unguent, however, with safety, and perhaps, good effect:—Ung. resini, as much as you please; sulph. sub., enough to make the rosin ointment very thick; ol. junip, sufficient to make the unguent of a proper consistency, but not too thin. Apply one day, wash off the next, until thrice repeated, after which discontinue for a time; but repeat again if the animal exhibits the slightest uneasiness.

READER OF THE CLIPPER.—We favor punctuality in all sporting events, but we cannot see the justice of the party claiming because his opponent, through no fault of his own, was two or three minutes behind time. A few minutes "grace" is generally allowed in matches, and we should advise that the game be played, instead of allowing the claim.

LYMAN P. H., Omaha City.—He should be a good reader, have a clear, strong voice; a good stage presence; understand elocution; be possessed of a good memory, etc. These are a few of the necessary qualifications.

HANOVER, Boston.—1. If one plays alone and gets enchred, his opponent scores two points. 2. There was a four mile race between those parties in June, '55, which Murdoch won in 22 minutes. 3. We have no papers of those dates.

H. R.—1. The Gotham, Mutual, Eagle, Jefferson, Harlem, Empire, etc., are all excellent clubs. 2. Apply personally to the Secretary, or any member of either club.

H. J. P., Louisville.—He is entitled to two points only, for the Euchre. The lone hand, had it secured all the tricks, would have been entitled to four points.

THEATER GOER, Cincinnati.—You should have given us your *bona fide* name. We cannot give credence to statements from anonymous correspondents.

CAS. JONES, Baltimore.—Jack Randall was not beaten in any of his battles.

J. P., Buffalo.—The lowest deals, and ace, in this instance, is the lowest card.

CAMBRIDGE.—1. Edwin Forrest is a native of Philadelphia. 2. Mrs. Forrest is an English lady.

JOE W.—1. Jack McDonald never fought a prize fight. 2. Tom Sayers and Nat Langham only fought once as antagonists.

H. H. L., Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.—The price of a score book is four dollars.

H. KING, Coxsackie.—He must have his foot on the base before he is touched, or he is out.

CL. CH., N. Y.—Call at this office for a letter from E. J.

FRIEND TO CLIPPER, Auburn.—Dan Bryant is at one end, and Winchell at the other.

GEMSBOK, Provincetown.—We have no knowledge of such guns being brought here.

NORTH RIVER.—The clerk of the Alida will give you more information on that subject than we can.

E. H., Philad'a.—Received. Thanks.

H. D.—All's well that ends well.

J. M. K., Boston.—We have no copies of the date you wish.

BURNT CORK.—See answer to "Friend to CLIPPER."

CHAMPION OARSMEN.

THE efforts now being made to match Hamill, of Pittsburgh, with Joshua Ward, of Newburgh, for the honors of the Championship of the World, and a sum of money into the bargain, is creating considerable buz in aquatic circles. Some persons are disposed to object to Ward's assuming the title, but as he made every effort to bring about a match with Chambers, of England, without avail, even going so far as to put the money up, draw up articles, etc., we can see no reason why he does not merit the title; particularly as he is now ready to row any man in a fair field. Be this as it may, however, we observe that another aquatic luminary, hailing from New South Wales, is about to make his appearance in England, and, in reference to his expected arrival there, we quote the following from one of our foreign exchanges:—

"Richard Green, the champion oarsman of Port Jackson, New South Wales, left Sydney, in the clipper ship Damascus, on April 15, and may therefore be expected in London about the middle of July. Dick Green, it appears, challenged any oarsman in the world, for £1000 a side, about eighteen months ago, to row on the Parramatta river, Sydney, agreeing to pay £250 for the expenses of the trip, to the acceptor; the challenge not being accepted, Dick Green is determined to test the powers of Chambers. Green has upon different occasions defeated Jemmy Candlish, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Harry White, (Tom. White's brother,) John and Jack Deward, &c., &c."

Our chief reason for calling attention to this, is, that since Chambers seems unwilling to try the powers of Ward in aquatic propulsion, on American waters, notwithstanding his recent avowal so to do, perhaps Green, who is evidently no greeney, and not afraid to travel, may be induced, after snatching the laurels from Chambers' brow, to visit Uncle Samuel's dominions, and give Ward a brush on our noble Hudson, or some other locality adapted therefor, and thus place the right to the title of the Championship of the World beyond cavil. It may be said that we anticipate rather too much in alluding to Green's victory over Chambers. That may be so; but any man who will undertake a voyage from New South Wales to England for no other purpose than to test his own powers with the oar with the acknowledged crack oarsman of that country, would not do so without canvassing the question of success, and the result of such deliberation must have been, that he, (Green) is pretty confident of winning. That there is a possibility of our being mistaken in this, we admit, but for all that we cannot help but think that Chambers will find in Green a tough customer, and we advise him to look to his laurels. Should Green be successful, then hurrah for a match between him and Ward, which would be indeed, a contest for the World's Championship, and set the aquatic world, and no inconsiderable part of the remainder, in a blaze of excitement that would vibrate around the globe. Green defeats Chambers, and then visits America for a pull with Ward—that's our programme. Shall it be carried out?

QUOITING.—We observe, with great pleasure, that this manly and exhilarating game is becoming more popular every year among us. We therefore take occasion to remark that, as questions in dispute are frequently submitted for our decision, we invariably reply according to the by-laws which have been conjointly adopted by the principal American clubs as their guide for the future. Our old-country friends, whose hardy frames and jovial public spirit have done so much towards introducing the game here, will please bear in mind that we are thus obliged (in some particular points of scoring) to ignore the various styles of play yet followed among many good quoit players in different parts of Europe.

"NEW HAMPSHIRE AHOY!"—Would-be sportsmen are hereby informed that a new and stringent law in New Hampshire forbids the shooting of the whole family of sand or marsh birds between March and August, and partridges until September. We therefore advise such thoughtless "huntsmen" in that State to look at the almanac before "going out" once too often this year. The same law very wisely protects song birds all the year round. Well done, good old New Hampshire! Let all her "sons" obey, like true sportsmen.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE future historian of the war of the Great Rebellion of 1861 and '62, will find ample resources, from which to fill volumes with matter of deep and abiding interest, in the records of deeds done by the noble army of the Potomac, under its brave, humane, and most able leader—General George B. McClellan. His triumph over his wily and desperate foes in front, and his dastardly enemies in the rear, will then have been achieved, and the justice that is now denied him, rendered; while the contemptible party hacks, and political scoundrels, that now find it profitable to shower abuse and calumny upon him, will have sunk into merited oblivion, overpowered with contempt and obloquy, the just penalty of their vile efforts to calumniate a noble patriot.

From the period of McClellan's successful strategic movements in Western Virginia, in 1861, up to the time of his masterly military achievment near Richmond, in transferring his base of operations in front of an overwhelming force of the enemy, we have had full faith in him as one of the ablest generals of the day. His humane regard for the lives of his men, shown in his refraining from brilliant assaults that yield but glory at the cost of thousands of valuable lives, alone inspires us with esteem for him. No leader of an army was ever held in higher regard by his men than McClellan now is, and this fact alone gives the lie to half the attacks made upon him by the conceited asses that control many of the journals in the North; for if there were any truth in their charges, his soldiers would be the first to complain, and the first to show their resentment towards him for his errors and mismanagement. But it is just the reverse—they adore him for his bravery, humanity, and admirable generalship, three qualities in a military leader that his army is the most competent authority to give judgment upon.

Strange to say, the Metropolis of the Empire State monopolizes nearly all of McClellan's backbiting enemies. In other cities, like Boston and Philadelphia, for instance, his opponents are only to be found here and there, while his friends and adherents are to be counted by thousands. The reason of this is, that New York at present contains more of the refuse of the politicians and fanatics of the country than any other city in the Union. In New York, too, renegade army officers, disappointed political hacks and office seekers, and ambitious aspirants for civil and military distinction, seek their abode, and find congenial spirits to associate with, and hungry, poverty stricken journalists to give publicity to their one-sided opinions of men and things, and it is from the publication of their slanderous articles that they hope to retrieve their fallen fortunes in some way or other, or failing in that, obtain their petty revenge on the men or man who has been an obstacle to their promotion, or the author of their disappointments.

It would be amusing, were it not so painful, to note the criticisms on the movements of McClellan, made by fellows whose knowledge of military strategy is on a par with their unblushing effrontery and conceit, and their lack of principle and patriotism. They comment on a General's tactics as glibly as they do on the tricks of gamblers and jockies, or the juggling carried on in primary elections, and in caucuses of political hacks; with the strategic movements of the latter they are practically familiar, and being so, they presume themselves to be as well posted in everything else, civil or military, and so they set themselves up as dictators and supervisors of the actions of men as superior to them in talent, virtue, and patriotism, as light is to darkness. We have no patience with such fellows, or with the public that can tolerate them.

What has McClellan done? He took charge of the National Army when it was in the most demoralized condition it was possible to conceive of. Out of confusion and disorder, he produced a thoroughly disciplined and organized army; and when he felt himself equal to the task, he went onward, and at once the hosts of the enemy retired in haste before him, well knowing that when McClellan moved forward, it was to victory only. After the evacuation of Manassas, which result he achieved by his admirable strategy, the political cormorants who see nothing but their own aggrandizement before them, and seek that only, no matter at what cost, contrived to have McClellan shorn of the command of the army, the whole of which should have been under his entire control. Patiently he bore the censure the deprival of sole command implied, and pursued the even tenor of his way, the good of the country being his sole object. Then came the siege of Yorktown, and another forced retirement of an immense Confederate Army; and this, too, he achieved while hampered with the interference of the War Department in many of his most important movements. The battle of Williamsburgh followed, and still he kept on driving the enemy to the wall. The occupation of the suburbs of Richmond at last came, and his lines were extended round the city as far north as the line of the Fredericksburgh railroad, in order to co-operate with the advancing forces of McDowell. But the War Department again interfered, and McDowell's progress was stopped, and Banks' advance, which McClellan also relied upon, was turned into a disastrous defeat, because, forsooth, the radicals in Congress and their abolition supporters desired that their pet Fremont should be allowed to have a hand in. Thus were McClellan's plans set at naught, his right arm crippled, and a withdrawal of his extended lines rendered necessary. It was in this position that the greatly reinforced rebel army found him the first week in July, and before he could arrange for the safety of his imperilled army, he was attacked by an overwhelming force, thrice the number of his own. And yet he saved his army, making the masterly movement, previously alluded to, for which he will be famed for years to come. But it is useless to attempt to offset the abuse of the envious, malicious libellers of McClellan. Suffice it to say, that the year will not have expired before the ordeal through which our noble leader of the Army of the Potomac will have passed through, will have proved to all, that a more able military commander, a more thorough patriot, or a more infamously maligned individual, does not exist than General Geo. B. McClellan, or a braver or more noble army than the Army of the Potomac.

FAST ROWING TIME.—A contemporary journal a short time since alluded to the six-oared boat Monitor's time, of 6 min. 23 sec., for one mile, as something to boast of. The Monitor made this time somewhere at one of the late Fourth of July regattas. The time is indeed excellent, but has been surpassed upon several occasions to our knowledge. Geo. W. Shaw, the well-known boat builder, of Newburgh, rowed a single scull shell at Newburgh, two years since, one mile in six minutes and twenty seconds; Josh Ward and Shaw, pulled a double scull shell one mile, in five minutes and fifty seconds. Ward, Shaw and others, pulled the Gersh Banker, a six-oared shell boat, at the Worcester, Mass. regatta, three miles, in eighteen minutes and thirty-seven seconds. *This time has never been beaten.* Let the "old oarsman" shake his "paddles" again; these miles were eighty full chains.

GONE TO THE BAD.—We never knew a worse season on the turf than the present. Nothing seems to go right, either in trotting or racing. There's bungling here, wrangling there, and cheating all about, in spots. On the 15th, a trotting match for $2000 was announced to come off between the horses General Butler and Rattlesnake, on the Fashion Course. It was expected that the race would be a good one; but the whole thing ended in a fizzle, for after scoring two hours without getting the word to "go," the owner of Rattlesnake concluded to pay forfeit, and those who were inveigled into visiting the course, were put to a great deal of trouble and expense for nothing. What a farce—scoring two horses, and then fizzling. What's next on the tapis? Give us all the novelties and sensations at once.

NEW GYMNASTICS.—An excellent article on this subject appears in the *Atlantic Magazine*, for August, for a copy of which we are indebted to Messrs. Okie & Dayton, News and Periodical Dealers, corner of Ann and Nassau streets. The article in question seems to have been written by one who has given the subject careful consideration, and the result of his investigations are set forth in "plain talk." We may possibly give some extracts from "New Gymnastics," in next week's CLIPPER.

SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—The recent regatta at Boston has brought another sculler prominently before the public, in the person of Jas. Hammill, of Pittsburgh, and the consequence has been to induce the friends of Hammill to match him against Joshua Ward, the champion. To this end, Hammill issued the following:—

CARD AND CHALLENGE.—Having successfully competed with some of the best oarsmen in the country at the late Boston Regatta, I feel anxious for a further test of my abilities as an oarsman, therefore, with no other than the most friendly feelings, my only desire being to know whether the championship justly belongs to the East or the West, I propose the following

CHALLENGE.

I will row Joshua Ward a three mile race over the usual race course, Harlem river, one mile out and return, for three hundred ($300) dollars a side, he allowing me one hundred ($100) dollars for my expenses.

The race to come off on Wednesday, August 13, 1862. Immediately on the acceptance of the challenge I will deposit the money in the hands of Stephen Roberts, Esq., 368 South street, who will make all necessary arrangements in my behalf.

JAMES HAMMILL.

N. B.—This challenge will remain open until July 22.
PITTSBURGH, July 14, 1862.

To this Ward replies as follows:

NEW-YORK, July 17, 1852.—In reply to the challenge from Mr. James Hammill, I would state, if he is desirous of ascertaining who is champion of the East or West, he can do so by engaging me in a five mile race, as I consider such to be the only proper distance to test a rower's abilities for the championship. I will row him as above, two miles and a half out and return, for $300 a side, he to pay his own expenses, anywhere on the Hudson River, or at Staten Island. If this is not agreeable, I will row him the same race on the Schuylkill river, Philadelphia, for $500 a side. To avoid further newspaper controversy, communications for ten days may be addressed to Robert Earl and Dick Risdon, CLIPPER Office, 29 Ann street, N. Y. JOSHUA WARD.

THE YELLOW MASK, by Wilkie Collins.—This work is by the popular author of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," etc., etc. Of the tale itself, the main element is the excitement either of curiosity or terror. Its great merit consists in the working up of striking situations, and it possesses all the author's well-known beauty of style, and dramatic power.

SISTER ROSE.—This is also by Wilkie Collins, and has the advantage of brevity over the regular romance; it abounds with genuine touches of nature, and is as pleasant reading as a novel reader could desire. The above are published by T. B. Peterson & Brother, of Philadelphia. F. A. Brady, of 24 Ann street, is the New York agent.

"PATHOLOGY OF THE REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS," by Russell T. Trall, M. D., is the leading title of a handsome octavo volume, in which James C. Jackson, M. D., and other authors have contributed additional chapters, to give the reading public a comprehensive and useful review of the medical and moral relations involved with humanity's sexual organism. See advertisement in another column.

RACE BOATS.—Mr. Stephen Roberts, the President of the Empire City Regatta Club, is now prepared to build boats of every description, but will devote particular attention to the building of race, barge and club boats. Mr. Mackay, who has built some of the fastest rowing boats in the United States, and whose reputation in that line stands high, is associated with him. See his advertisement.

BILLIARDS.

EXCITING BILLIARD MATCH.

DEERY vs. GOLDTHWAITE.

DEERY THE VICTOR.

These two youthful aspirants for fame in the billiard world, have again encountered each other with cue and ball. The scene of the conflict was at Chris. Connor's (surnamed the Urbane) saloon in Fourteenth street, immediately opposite the Washington Monument; the amount of "filthy lucre" for which they contended, independent of outside bets, being $250 a side. In chronicling the former meeting of the twain, this being the return match, we gave a brief sketch of their antecedents, and as that occurred on so recent a date, June 25, it is unnecessary to repeat them here. Suffice it to say, that previous to their first meeting, Deery's public reputation as a player was higher than his opponent's, although many of the cognoscenti held a different opinion, and they were pretty nearly right, according to the result of the match referred to; and the consequence was, that in monetary transactions, the quotations were in favor of Goldthwaite, at the rate of about five to four. To witness this second encounter, which occurred on Thursday evening, 17th inst., about 500 gentlemen assembled in the upper room of the billiard ranche aforesaid, which had been put in ship shape order for the game, with one of Messrs. Phelan & Collender's tables in the centre, surrounded by raised seats. The room is large and airy, and a balmy breeze from the north-west made the base of operations comfortable and pleasant. Among the prominent individuals present, we observed Messrs. Pense, Allen Conroy, Deputy Sheriff De Angelis, Scoville, Collender, Kavanagh, Freeman, Geary, Stone, Lake, Perry, Banks, Binns, and, above all, as a matter of course on this occasion, Deery and Goldthwaite, who, as they made their appearance within the square, were greeted with hearty applause, which they modestly acknowledged. Presently, Mr. Geary announced the terms of the match, namely, 1,500 points up, at the American four ball carom game, on one of Phelan & Collender's pocket tables, for $250 a side; he also introduced the players, their umpires, and referee; Mr. O'Connor acting in the former capacity for Deery, Mr. Banks for Goldthwaite, and Mr. W. Lake, the famous mace player, filling the last named office by mutual consent. Mr. Geary, with his usual eloquence, enjoined upon the assemblage the necessity of abstaining from applause, as it was apt to disconcert the players. We are sorry to say, however, that the appeal was very generally unheeded during the after part of the game. At 8 P. M. precisely, Goldthwaite and Deery approached the table, and strung for lead, which the latter won, and commenced by playing his ball down the table. Goldthwaite followed, and started to count from the word "go," making a run of 18. Deery's first count was 23, which he finished by an accidental pocket off the red. Goldthwaite profited nothing by his next effort, and Deery multiplied his score by two. The game was now well started, and Deery gradually marching away from his opponent, at the rate of about 2 to 1. On his tenth turn, Deery carelessly played out of the string; and in the eleventh, ditto repeated; but, fortunately for him, Goldthwaite did not take advantage of it. The game "wound its slow length along," with nothing remarkable to note, except bad play in several instances, up to the 38th turn, Goldthwaite exhibiting bad judgement in the 25th, and bad play on the 30th, when he missed a shot, leaving both the red balls together. On the 37th, after a pretty run of 49, he again did the same thing, and Deery ran 34 in consequence, winding up with an intentional pocket, the good judgement of which was apparent, as Goldthwaite failed to count, and he (Deery) made a fine run of 94, the highest, so far, again finishing with an intentional pocket, which again non-plussed his opponent; but on his 40th turn, through being too much elated with success, we presume, Deery made a careless miss, and Goldthwaite made a very pretty run, indeed, of 97, the shots being well and delicately executed; but in his anxiety to be the first to score 100 in one run, missed an easy shot, on which Deery secured a run of 28. This *contretemps* rather worked on Goldthwaite's nerves, we judge, for on his next turn, in playing for safety, he failed to get his ball within the string, and Deery made a clear gain of 65 thereby, and might have had more, but in his youthful and unwise ardor, played before his opponent's ball had ceased rolling, which constitutes a foul, and Goldthwaite, with the quickness of a veteran, took note of it, and getting the decision in his favor, took his turn; he did little execution, however, letting up on an easy one. On his 50th turn, Deery ran 92, in which his play was admirable, the balls being frequently in intricate positions, and his own fast or "frozen" no less than three times. This count placed him 220 points ahead, and the odds in betting were 3 to 2 in his favor. Round O's were in order now, until, by an angle shot, executed in a masterly style by Goldthwaite, he ran 32, and here the tide turned in his favor gradually, up to the 81st turn, where he had rubbed off more than 100 of the figures against him above quoted. The game, from the 57th to the 82d turn, was tediously slow, and uninteresting, after which, Deery was the first to rouse the assembly from the lethargic state they had fallen into, by scoring 22 and 140 in succession, and in splendid style. This put his friends in amazing good humor, and all thought he had a sure thing of it, everything to nothing being the rates in speculation, with nothing doing. Deery was here 263 points ahead! Two runs of 40 by Goldthwaite, the last of which he concluded by a bad miss; one of 23 by Deery, which he wound up by playing in the pocket because his ball was "frozen;" one of 20 by the same player, concluded by a careless misplay; and one of 37, in which he executed a pretty *masse* shot; were the chief incidents up to the 97th turn, when Deery's umpire asked judgment because of Goldthwaite touching the ball with his hand as he was about to play. The referee, however, being at that time more intent on "a drop of oh be joyful," as he termed it, than the game, "didn't see it," and gave Goldthwaite the benefit of his remissness. From this to turn 113, "nobody was hurt;" but here Goldthwaite "let her rip" for 73, including some very pretty play, indeed, for which he was deservedly applauded. Deery cross-countered him beautifully, however, with a run of 68, finishing with an intentional pocket. On the turn previous to this, Deery was 263 ahead, and Goldthwaite's case seemed hopeless, but he stuck manfully to it, and as a reward for his perseverance, had the satisfaction of seeing his score gradually equal his opponent's, and by pretty play scored 68, 61, 86, a pair of 29's, and sundry small counts, which were not materially offset by Deery, and Goldthwaite got on to the same string with him. Matters now assumed an exciting aspect, and those who had bet the odds on Deery began to look a little skeery. Both men now played very cautiously, but with nerve, striving principally to prevent each other from counting, hence the number of cyphers and small figures from the 113th turn out. At the 148th turn, the count was exactly even, and after this, as one led, then the other, the excitement was intense, and solemn stillness prevailed, broken only by the voice of the gamekeeper, and an occasional sch (we can't spell the word) or ah! uttered by some "individ" to give vent to his over-wrought "feelinks." Now Deery, then Goldthwaite gained a slight advantage, but finally Deery made the winning shot at exactly 2, A. M. on the morning of the 18th, defeating Goldthwaite by 25 points, when all hands found relief in a hearty cheer for both winner and loser. Taking the game as a whole, it was fairly played, the average count being about nine and one-third; but the latter part of it was exciting in the extreme, as any one will perceive by a glance at the table. Both players used consummate skill at times, and an improvement is evident in Deery, who played with better judgment than in previous games. Occasionally, however, his impetuosity foiled him, and even his count of 140, the highest in the game, he might have added to, for there was no reason in the world why he should not have kept on counting, but for unnecessarily spreading the balls. Goldthwaite did not play up to his standard, we think, although he stretched every nerve to win. At all events, while we admire Deery's play, and think it superior in the way of amusement, at the same time we are of the opinion that Goldthwaite can take him on the money question, as a general thing, for his coolness in the latter part of the game was admirable, and worthy of a veteran. A third match for $500 a side is talked of, but we rather think it will not be made just now; if it is, the CLIPPER readers will soon be advised. See the table for further details:—

GOLDTHWAITE.			DEERY.		GOLDTHWAITE.			DEERY.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	18	 18	28‡	 23	82..	7	 634	22‡	 710
2..	3	 21	23	 46	83..	3	 637	140	 850
3..	2	 23	21†	 67	84..	3	 640	0‡	 850
4..	2	 25	14	 81	85..	2	 642	0*	 850
5..	0	 27	0†	 81	86..	41	 683	0	 850
6..	0	 27	0*	 81	87..	4	 687	0†	 850
7..	0*	 28	3	 84	88..	2*	 689	1*	 851
8..	2†	 30	5	 89	89..	4	 693	23‡	 874
9..	0	 30	34	 123	90..	3	 696	5*	 879
10..	4	 34	0	 123	91..	11	 707	9	 888
11..	0	 34	2	 125	92..	40	 747	20	 908
12..	9	 43	23*	 148	93..	16	 763	37‡	 945
13..	8	 51	[illegible]	 148	94..	3	 766	8‡	 953
14..	4	 55	0	 148	95..	3	 769	45*	 998
15..	13	 68	0	 148	96..	1[illegible]	 770	1	 999
16..	5†	 73	5	 153	97..	10	 780	0	 999
17..	0*	 73	3	 156	98..	21	 801	0‡	 1049
18..	2	 75	10	 166	99..	3	 804	0	 1049
19..	0	 75	2‡	 168	100..	26	 830	2*	 1051
20..	3‡	 78	3	 171	101..	1	 831	0‡	 1051
21..	0*	 78	1	 172	102..	3	 834	0*	 1051
22..	0†	 78	2	 174	103..	1	 835	2	 1053
23..	1*	 79	3	 177	104..	0*	 835	4‡	 1057
24..	2	 81	20‡	 197	105..	9*	 844	1	 1058
25..	3*	 84	4	 201	106..	27	 872	6	 1064
26..	0	 84	7‡	 208	107..	5	 877	0	 1064
27..	12*	 96	1*	 209	108..	10*	 887	16	 1080
28..	6‡	 102	3	 212	109..	0*	 887	12‡	 1092
29..	34	 136	12	 224	110..	3*	 890	40	 1132
30..	8	 144	16	 240	111..	0	 890	0	 1132
31..	5	 149	0	 240	112..	0‡	 890	23	 1155
32..	7	 156	0†	 240	113..	73	 963	68‡	 1223
33..	2*	 158	1*	 241	114..	3*	 966	1*	 1224
34..	1*	 159	0	 241	115..	1	 967	0*	 1224
35..	0	 159	2	 243	116..	1	 968	2	 1226
36..	10	 169	18	 261	117..	68	 1036	17	 1243
37..	49	 218	34‡	 295	118..	61	 1097	20	 1263
38..	3	 221	94‡	 389	119..	0	 1097	3	 1266
39..	3	 224	18	 407	120..	86	 1183	0	 1266
40..	5	 229	0*	 407	121..	29	 1212	3	 1269
41..	98	 327	28‡	 435	122..	0	 1212	8	 1277
42..	6	 333	65	 500	123..	3	 1215	4*	 1281
43..	8	 341	4	 504	124..	1	 1216	38*	 1319
44..	0	 341	0	 504	125..	30	 1246	0	 1319
45..	17	 358	11‡	 515	126..	0†	 1246	2	 1321
46..	3	 361	0*	 515	127..	9†	 1255	5	 1326
47..	5	 366	2‡	 517	128..	18	 1273	2†	 1328
48..	3	 369	8	 525	129..	2†	 1275	9	 1337
49..	25	 394	0‡	 525	130..	0*	 1275	1	 1338
50..	3	 397	92†	 617	131..	0‡	 1275	6	 1344
51..	2	 399	0*	 617	132..	0	 1275	0	 1344
52..	1	 400	0	 617	133..	2†	 1277	2	 1346
53..	32	 432	2*	 619	134..	0*	 1277	1	 1347
54..	28	 460	0	 619	135..	0	 1277	0	 1347
55..	6	 466	2	 621	136..	0	 1277	5	 1352
56..	32	 498	2‡	 623	137..	4	 1281	0*	 1352
57..	3	 501	14	 637	138..	1	 1282	9	 1361
58..	6	 507	2‡	 639	139..	0	 1282	18‡	 1379
59..	3*	 510	1*	 640	140..	3	 1285	3‡	 1382
60..	7	 517	17	 657	141..	3	 1288	3	 1385
61..	21‡	 538	3	 660	142..	7	 1295	2‡	 1387
62..	0*	 538	1	 661	143..	6*	 1301	1*	 1388
63..	2	 540	0	 661	144..	44‡	 1345	9	 1397
64..	2	 542	8	 669	145..	72	 1417	17	 1414
65..	10‡	 552	3	 672	146..	5	 1422	10	 1424
66..	13‡	 565	3	 675	147..	0†	 1422	3	 1427
67..	0	 565	5	 680	148..	4	 1426	0	 1427
68..	2	 567	3	 683	149..	0	 1426	0*	 1428
69..	0	 567	5	 688	150..	1	 1427	2‡	 1430
70..	3	 570	7	 695	151..	3	 1430	0	 1430
71..	3‡	 573	9	 704	152..	0*	 1430	1	 1431
72..	0	 573	6	 710	153..	3	 1433	0	 1431
73..	5	 578	0	 710	154..	10	 1443	7	 1438
74..	14†	 592	2‡	 712	155..	7	 1450	0	 1438
75..	3*	 595	1*	 713	156..	0‡	 1450	3	 1441
76..	3	 598	2	 715	157..	9	 1459	30†	 1471
77..	6	 604	7	 722	158..	2*	 1461	17	 1488
78..	0‡	 604	3‡	 725	159..	13	 1474	0*	 1488
79..	15	 619	0*	 725	160..	1†	 1475	5	 1493
80..	1	 620	0*	 725	161..	0	 1475	10	 1503
81..	7	 627	13	 738					

Forfeitures.—* One for miss. † Two for pocket off white ball. ‡ Three for pocket off red ball.

By the above tabular statement, it will be seen that Deery added to his opponent's score in the way of forfeitures, accidental and intentional, no less than 122 points, while Goldthwaite contributed in that way, 77. Deery, in his good nature in this respect, exhibited bad judgment oftentimes, and Goldthwaite more often counted after his "safeties" than he did after Goldthwaite's, which is a strong argument in favor of the latter's shrewdness, in which he excelled, although in execution they are pretty well matched. There were times, however, when both players would have profited, had they exhibited less fear of their opponent, and striven to count. This was the case in Deery's 10th, 11th, 78th, 80th, 124th, and 143d turns, particularly the last, when, after Deery giving an intentional miss, Goldthwaite ran 43. Goldthwaite's 17th, 50th, and 109th turns were also culpable in this respect. We point out these errors in no captious spirit, but to aid in correcting them.

After the conclusion of the above match, considerable banter ing ensued, resulting in three other matches being played. The first, of 250 points, for $100 a side, was won by Deery by 8 points; the second, of 100 points, for $100 a side, was won by Goldthwaite by 21 points; and the third and last, of 250 points, for $150 a side, also won by Goldthwaite by 47 points, although at one period of the game, Deery was 134 points ahead when Goldthwaite was at 52; but, getting the balls together, he ran 133, and finally made game, to the surprise of all present, and to none more than to himself and Deery, as the latter had made up his mind for a sure thing; but as sure things often do, it turned out a fallacy. We append the scores of the two first games:—

Second Match Game—250 points; Stakes, $100 a side.

GOLDTHWAITE.			DEERY.		GOLDTHWAITE.			DEERY.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	4	 4	0	 0	13..	3†	 104	2*	 19
2..	8	 12	2*	 2	14..	14	 118	0	 19
3..	12	 24	2*	 4	15..	15	 133	4

TRAP SHOOTING.

MATCH BETWEEN KING AND FARNSWORTH, FOR $1000.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE SHOOTING.

Some time since, a challenge was issued by W. King, of Springfield, Ill., to shoot a match with any comer. There were several responses from responsible parties in this vicinity, but as Mr. John Farnsworth, of Chicago, also accepted the challenge, the preference was given to the latter, he being closer to the base of operations. The match was for $1000; each to shoot at one hundred birds, fifty single, and twenty-five double. Rise twenty-one yards, and one hundred yards boundary. S. J. Cox, of Dubuque, and R. R. Clarke, of Chicago, were appointed Judges, and J. M. Roundtree of Chicago, Referee. The trappers were James Shannon, of St. Louis, and Thomas Stagg, of Chicago. Henry Millward, of Chicago, officiated as trap-springer. The ground chosen for the contest was that of the World's Horse Fair Society, at Chicago. The match was shot on the 15th inst., the attack on 50 single birds each being the first in order. The shooting does not seem to have been of a very high order, King losing ten birds, and Farnsworth losing sixteen. Here is the score of the shooting. The first column of figures denotes the number of shots, the second and third columns the approximate flight of the bird from the trap, computed in yards. The cypher denotes a miss:—

	FARNSWORTH.	KING.		FARNSWORTH.	KING.
1	5	15	26	0	10
2	20	0	27	10	15
3	15	5	28	10	5
4	0	10	29	15	0
5	80	15	30	10	0
6	20	30	31	20	15
7	20	0	32	10	10
8	15	85	33	10	10
9	20	15	34	15	10
10	0	15	35	20	10
11	0	15	36	20	5
12	0	5	37	15	10
13	15	15	38	0	50
14	0	15	39	0	10
15	0	0	40	10	10
16	85	10	41	25	5
17	0	0	42	30	5
18	10	0	43	15	0
19	5	40	44	10	15
20	15	10	45	0	15
21	20	0	46	10	5
22	15	15	47	0	10
23	20	10	48	0	15
24	0	10	49	35	0
25	0	15	50	0	10

The average flight of King's birds was twelve yards; that of Farnsworth's thirteen.

After a short intermission, the double shooting was commenced, at 25 pairs of birds each. The following is the score:—

	KING.	FARNSWORTH.		KING.	FARNSWORTH.
1	1 0	1 0	14	1 1	1 1
2	0 1	0 0	15	1 0	1 1
3	0 1	0 0	16	1 0	1 1
4	1 1	0 0	17	1 1	1 0
5	1 1	1 0	18	1 1	1 1
6	1 1	1 0	19	1 0	0 0
7	0 0	0 1	20	1 0	1 1
8	1 0	1 0	21	1 0	0 0
9	1 1	1 0	22	1 1	1 0
10	0 1	1 0	23	1 1	1 0
11	1 1	1 0	24	0 0	1 0
12	1 1	1 1	25	1 0	1 0
13	0 1	1 1			

King lost sixteen birds, and Farnsworth twenty-three.

SUMMARY.

King—First fifty, single, lost ten and shot forty. In second fifty, in pairs, he lost sixteen and shot thirty-four. Total—26 lost; 74 shot.

Farnsworth—First fifty, single, lost sixteen and shot thirty-four. In second fifty, in pairs, he lost twenty-three and shot twenty-seven. Total—39 lost; 61 shot.

King was declared to be the winner by thirteen birds.

THE TRIGGER AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.—On the 11th inst., the Monroe County Sportsmen's Club, by way of having a little sport with the shooting iron at trap shooting, adjourned to the Fair Ground, and finished up the remainder of their birds. No match was made, but each shot in turn, as arranged in the annexed table:—

F H Oriel, double	01 11 11 11 01	—8
Oriel, single	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—10
Geo Watson, double	11 11 11 10 10 11	—10
Geo Watson, single	1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1	—8
*S Green, single	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1	—7
E Garrison, single	0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1	—7
E Garrison, double	01 10 01 10 10 10 10	—6
A Winston, single	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—10
*C A Kellogg, single	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—9
*C A Kellogg, single	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0	—10
*R Walker, single	1 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1	—4
*R Walker, single	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1	—9
E H Munn, single	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1	—9
E H Munn, double	11 01 11 10 11	—8
S M Spencer, single	0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0	—6
S M Spencer, double	00 10 11 10 10	—5
D Cole, single	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1	—7
D Cole, double	10 00 00 10 10	—3
J F Lovecraft, single	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1	—8
J F Lovecraft, double	10 10 11 11 11	—8
V Smith, single	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0	—2
V Smith, single	0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0	—2

* Sprung his own birds, and picked his gun from the ground.

The following are the scores made by three members of the club on three successive trials among themselves:—

	Single birds.	Double birds.
July 7—		
Hollister	1111111111—10	11 11 11 10 11— 9
Bascom	1010111111— 8	10 10 10 11 11— 7
Watson	1101111111— 9	11 11 11 11 10— 9
July 8—		
Watson	1110111101— 8	00 10 10 10 11— 5
Hollister	0110111111— 8	10 10 11 11 11— 8
Bascom	1111111111—10	00 10 10 10 11— 5
July 10—		
Hollister	1111110111— 9	11 11 10 11 11— 9
Watson	1111111101— 9	11 11 11 01 11— 9
Bascom	1101111110— 8	01 11 11 01 01— 7

SHOOTING MATCH BETWEEN TAYLOR AND GILLIAND.—At New Brunswick, N. J., on the 18th inst., a shooting match took place between John Taylor, of Jersey City, and W. H. Gilliand, of New Brunswick. It was for $50 a side, Taylor giving his opponent five birds; 21 yards rise, 100 yards boundary. The shooting was witnessed by quite a number of persons, among them several from Jersey City and New York. The shooting was most excellent, and Taylor said it was one of the hardest matches he ever shot, and it is thought that if Gilliand had not got excited, he might have won. As it was, Taylor carried off the stakes. Several other matches are talked of. The following is the score:—

J. Taylor..........11011011011111111111101111111—26
W. H. Gilliand.......11111111111001101111111011001—24

COCK FIGHT FOR $1000.—A fight between two game cocks, for $1000, at San Francisco, Cal., drew a large crowd at a dollar a head, to the Pony Saloon, to witness it, on the night of the 14th ult. One of the feathered warriors was owned by Geo. Lloyd, of Sacramento; the other by Mike O'Brien, of San Francisco. After a hard-fought battle, the latter won, placing his opponent *hors du combat*. Any quantity of filthy lucre changed hands on the result.

AQUATIC.

BOAT RACING IN PITTSBURGH.—FRIEND QUEEN—Boat racing is at low-water mark in this city at present, there being no prospects of a race of any kind. This is not as it should have been. The Crescent is the only club which shows any signs of life, for they are out almost every evening, either in their eight, four, or two-oared boats and sculls, and sometimes in all of them. They will arrange the crews so that it will be a pretty even thing all round, with James Hamill propelling the scull, for a race between themselves. Since Hamill's victory at the Boston Regatta, their rowing fever has increased considerably. Hamill arrived home on Tuesday afternoon, looking as well and as hearty as usual. He speaks in glowing terms of the Bostonians, and the kind treatment he received at their hands. He considers them trumps, no matter what is turned up. Of Doyle, in particular, he speaks highly, both as an oarsman and a gentleman. Hamill, in his training for the race, was attended to by a young man named Frank Harper, who has gained considerable notoriety as a pedestrian in this vicinity. To him, in a great measure, Hamill owes the development of that which resembles "a bag of mighty hard potatoes." The *Post*, of this city, in noticing "Jim's" arrival, says:—"The Bostonians, jealous of their reputation, offered him a large bonus if he would leave the prize purse in that city, but he declined." He contradicted it next day. How, or where they got their information, no one can tell. It is strange how morning papers get their sporting news so correct. (?) Like some one of your city sheets, in their account of the scullers' race at Boston, they made it five miles in 16 min. and 15¾ sec. Pretty good time, considering it was a Pittsburgher made it. Until Ward can beat that time, I will consider our Pittsburgh boy the "*Jim*" gem of the American waters. Yours, &c., SPORT.

Pittsburgh, July 12, 1862.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR THE PITTSBURGH SCULLER.—FRIEND QUEEN—I can beat any man that gave Josh Ward a challenge, and who dared not meet him to put up his soap, for $200 a side, for the distance of 2¼ miles out and in, on the Poughkeepsie track. The Pittsburgh gentleman can either come up, or settle down. WILLIAM STEVENS.

Poughkeepsie, July 16, 1862.

AQUATICS AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.—On the afternoon of the 18th, the Grove House Regatta took place in that vicinity, for which four "sharpies" were entered, viz., Maria, Minnie, Ella, Mallory, and the "round bottom," Polliwog. The boats started at half past three o'clock, and sailed the distance of seven miles inside of an hour. The following is the time made:—Mallory, 56:50; Minnie, 57:09; Maria, 58:43; Ella, 59:39; Polliwog, 62:25. The wind was easterly, blowing a good breeze, so that all the boats made their course with a taut sheet. Ten dollars were given to the Mallory, and five dollars to the Minnie, both "sharpies."

BALL PLAY.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

JULY 23.—Star vs. Henry Eckford. Second nines on the Star grounds; game called at 3 P. M.
24.—Charter Oak vs. Gotham, on Charter Oak ground; game called at 3 P. M.
26.—Excelsior vs. Union, at Morrisania.
30.—Consternation vs. Atlantic, of Jamaica, on Union Ball grounds.
AUG. 1.—Henry Eckford vs. Star, on former's grounds at Greenpoint.
11.—Eckford vs. Mutual, at Hoboken.
—.—Star vs. Alpine.
—.—Star vs. Gotham.

THE GRAND MATCHES FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

ATLANTIC VS. ECKFORD.—The second contest between these clubs for the championship and a silver ball, given by the Continental Club, was to have taken place July 21st, on the Union Ball Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D. We shall give a full and detailed report of the match in our next issue.

UNION VS HARLEM.—These clubs played their first match together, for three years, on Friday, July 18, the result being a victory for the Unions by a score of 23 to 12. Both parties were well represented, and the game was a well contested one. The Unions batted very finely, indeed; and the Harlems made a good display at the bat, while their fielding in a majority of instances was very good, as was that of the Unions. But Hannegan's pitching proved to be as troublesome to his opponents on this occasion as it has been on others, and but for errors in fielding on the part of the Unions in one or two instances, the score of the Harlems would not have reached 8, if that. Of those whose play merits notice on the Union side, we would name Hannegan, for his effective pitching, barring some wild play in the last innings; Abrams, ditto, for catching, with the same exception; Collins, for two capital fly catches; and Bassford and Gaynor for one each. Abrams put out no less than 13 players on foul balls. On the part of the Harlems, Hudson played splendidly behind, throwing well to bases, and letting few balls pass him. Both Thompson and Birdsall pitched well, but the latter watched the bases best. Colgate's play in the outer field was excellent, and Marsh and Freeborn played well on the bases. In batting, Hudson took the lead on the Harlem side. Indeed, his was the best score of the match. He batted finely throughout, every hit he made being a good one. Freeborn also batted well, and Birdsall. Liscomb ran round his bases once on his third strike, and secured his run; he also made a second attempt, but was put out at home base. On the part of the Unions, Gaynor batted splendidly, and came near having a clean score; Bassford also batted well, as did all the Unions, more or less. The decisions of the umpire were impartially given; he did not have a very pleasant position of it at one time, the prejudices of the crowd on one side or the other leading them to comment on his decisions uncourteously, but as the players did not, he of course took no notice of it. Our best clubs are getting into the creditable habit of aquiescing quietly to the decisions of umpires, right or wrong, as they should do. The score of the match is as follows:—

BATTING.

HARLEM.	H. L.	RUNS.	UNION.	H. L.	RUNS.
Hudson, c	0	5	E. Durell, 1st b	5	1
Thompson, p	3	2	Abrams, c	3	3
Marsh, 1st b	4	1	Hannegan, p	2	3
Birdsall, s s	4	1	Pinckney, 2d b	2	3
Stephens, l f	4	0	Gaynor, s s	1	5
Liscomb, c f	3	1	F. Durell, l f	5	2
Freeborn, 2d b	2	2	Collins, c f	5	0
Armour, 3d b	4	0	Bassford, 3d b	2	4
Colgate, r f	3	1	Nicholson, r f	2	2
Total		13	Total		23

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Harlem	1	0	2	0	2	0	1	2	5—13
Union	0	6	3	5	4	0	4	1	0—23

Passed balls—Hudson, 3; Abrams, 15.
Struck out—Armour. 1; Nicholson, 1; Collins, 1; Pinckney, 1.
Fly catches missed—Hudson, 1; Thompson, 2; Armour, 1; Freeborn, 1; F. Durell, 1; Gaynor, 1.
Bound catches missed—Liscomb, 1; Hannegan, 1.
Run out between bases—Gaynor by Hudson.
Put out at home base—Liscomb by Hannegan; E. Durell by Hudson.
Fly catches made—Abrams, 7; Collins, 2; Hannegan, 2; Gaynor, 1; Bassford, 1; E. Durell, 1; Colgate, 2; Freeborn, 1; Hudson, 1; Birdsall, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Harlem 16 times; Union 6 times.
Time of game—3 hours and 25 minutes.
Umpire—Mr. E. Kingsland, of the Baltic club.
Scorers—Messrs. Albro and Many.

BASE BALL IN ALBANY.—On Monday, 14th inst., a great game of base ball was played there between the Knickerbockers, of Albany, and Victory club, of Troy. The feature of the play on both sides, was the batting, the Knickerbockers leading in that respect. The pitching of Hegeman, and McDonald's catching was also well spoken of. By the annexed score it will be seen that the Albanians won by the large score of 74! against 35, which proves one of two things; either that the fielding was very loose, or the batting superb. The score:—

BATTING.

KNICKERBOCKER.	H. L.	RUNS.	VICTORY.	H. L.	RUNS.
Strever, c	6	6	Hegeman, p	1	6
Corey, 2d b	2	10	Follett, c f	2	6
Winne, 1st b	5	8	McDonald, c	3	4
Lathrop, l f	1	10	Anthony, 1st b	4	3
Bantham, s s	2	8	Robinson, 3d b	5	3
Olcott, r f	2	8	Greene, r f	4	3
Orr, c f	4	7	Cooper, l f	3	4
Headlam, 3d b	1	10	Martin, s s	4	2
Turner, p	4	7	Adams, 2d b	1	4
Total		74	Total		35

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Knickerbocker	16	12	12	1	10	6	2	4	11—74
Victory	5	11	9	5	0	2	2	0	1—35

Home runs—Corey, 2; Winne, 1; Lathrop, 2; Bantham, 1; Headlam, 2; Cooper, 1.
Scorers—Armington, for Knicks; Thompson, for Victory.
Umpire—Mr. Ducharme, of the Excelsior club of West Troy.

On the return of the Knickerbockers to the parlors of the club, the Captain, Mr. Olcott, presented Mr. A. B. Lathrop with a beautiful base ball cap, in consideration of his having made the best score, prefacing the presentation with a pleasant speech.

BASE BALL IN CAMP.—The following are the scores of two games played among the base ball players of the 13th regiment, between nines selected from the right and left wings. At the close of the first game the officers of the regiment made up sides, the line officers being on one side, and the staff on the other. The latter were beaten after a brief trial of two innings:

RIGHT WING.	H.L.	RUNS.	LEFT WING.	H.L.	RUNS.
Weddle, p	5	0	G Holt, 2d b	2	2
Cornwell, c	5	0	Fountain, 1st b	3	3
Forker, 1st b	3	2	C Bergen, p	2	4
Sammon, 2d b	4	0	Murphy, c	4	2
Bleecker, 3d b	2	2	Larkins, r f	4	2
S Patchen, s s	2	2	Plumb, l f	2	1
Reid, r f	3	1	Weeder, c f	4	0
Silleck, c f	2	2	Bolander, 3d b	4	1
England, l f	2	2	Kelly, s s	2	3
Total		11	Total		18

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Right Wing	1	1	0	0	3	0	4	0	2—11
Left Wing	0	0	5	1	1	1	2	6	2—18

OFFICER'S GAME.

COL. CLARK'S SIDE.	H.L.	RUNS.	CAPT. DAKIN'S SIDE.	H.L.	RUNS.
Col. Clark, 2d b	1	1	Capt. Balsden, 3d b	1	4
Capt. Briggs, 1st b	1	0	Lt. Oliver, p	1	1
Lt. Dean, p	0	1	Lt. Bergen, r f	0	2
Lt. Hunter, f	1	0	Capt. Dakin, c	0	2
Lt. Strong, c f	1	0	Lt. VanCleef, s s	1	1
Major McNary, l f	0	0	Lt. McFarlan, l f	0	2
Lt. Jones, s s	1	0	Lt. Lane, c f	1	1
Lt. Badger, 3d b	0	0	Lt. Richards. 1st b	1	1
Serj. Maj. Manly, c	1	0	Lt. Lawe, 2d b	1	1
Total		2	Total		[illegible]

Umpire—C. Holt. Scorer—F. Welbe.

BASE BALL AT PIC NICS.—Engine Company No. 17, of Brooklyn, went on a Pin Nic to Sheep's Head Bay, on the 17th inst., and then had a good game of ball together, with the following result:

BATTING.

PENSON'S SIDE.	H.L.	RUNS.	CONKLING'S SIDE.	H.L.	RUNS.
Penson, c	3	1	Conkling, c	2	4
Guion, p	2	4	Lemas, p	4	1
Reed, 1st b	3	2	Stryker, 1st b	3	1
Chapman, 2d b	2	3	W. Furey, 2d b	2	2
Baldwin, 3d b	2	4	J. Furey, 3d b	3	1
J. Smith, s s	4	2	Gaffney, r f	1	3
Pinder, r f	4	4	A. Smith, l f	3	3
Blackwood, l f	4	3	L. Conklin, c f	4	2
Burrell, c f	3	2	Lightbody, s s	3	3
Total		25	Total		20

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Penson's Side	0	2	0	6	2	2	3	7	3—25
Conkling's Side	0	0	2	3	2	0	6	1	6—20

Umpire—Mr. Whitney. Scorer—Mr. Hudson.

VISITING BALL CLUBS.—The first week in August, the Stars, of Brooklyn, intend visiting the Charter Oaks, of Hartford, to play a match with them; and we understand that the Mutuals, of New York, intend making a visit to the Philadelphia clubs, for the purpose of redeeming the credit of New York, which was somewhat tarnished from the result of the defeat some of the Hoboken clubs sustained at the hands of the Philadelphians in June last. The Eckfords, of Brooklyn, too, intend having a game or two with the Philadelphians, in August. The Victories, of Troy, are coming down the river to play the Excelsiors, who are "going in" this season in the match playing business, they being determined to make up for lost time. Thus, what with the visits that have already been made, of the clubs of one city to those of another, and those proposed, the season of 1862 is likely to be known as the visiting season. These mutual interchanges of courtesies between clubs of the above cities, extend the good feeling among the fraternity, and tend greatly to popularize our National Game.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

QUOITING.—The Quoit Shades, 273 Spring Street, will open for the Quoiting world, on Saturday, May 17, 1862, under the command of the Old Fireman, Soldier, and Quoit Player,
CAPT. TIM WATERS.
The Ground has soft clay ends, and the Captain respectfully asks the patronage of his friends. [6-3m] T. WATERS.

WEEHAWKEN.—This suburb of New York, though located in New Jersey, is visited during the summer by many of our overheated citizens for the benefit of their health. Those who cross the water in that direction this summer, will not forget that the affable ED. WILSON has re-opened his cozy little retreat there, called "THE RUINS," just to the left of the road ascending the hill from the 42d street ferry, where a good view of the Hudson River may be had; a cooler in the shape of a sherry cobbler or mint julep, cigars of first-rate quality; and, if you like, you can take an hour's pleasant exercise at quoits, the material and place being always in fix. 9-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort.
10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE DEER'S HEAD,
NO. 25 EAST HOUSTON STREET, (near Broadway.)
JACK BATH begs to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to him since opening the above premises. He begs to assure his friends and patrons that everything in the shape of cooling and refreshing beverages, together with the strictest attention and civility, will always be extended to all who may honor his hostelrie with a visit. The CLIPPER, and all other sporting journals always on file—with Jack himself to give every information about sporting events, either at home or abroad. 14-4t*

THE OREM AND SWITS AFFAIR.—NEWSPAPER FIGHTING.—For some time past, a prize fight between Con Orem and Charlie Swits has been one of the events set down on the bills to take place, for sure, at or near Denver City, Colorado Territory; but it appears that just as the thing was about to be consummated, by drawing up articles, a general "squabble" ensued, since when, the pair of them, both claiming to be champion of Colorado, have been playing at cards with each other through the press, in a manner that is not at all likely to conduce to the interests of the P.R. in that section. Here are the last cards played by them, as we find them in the *Weekly News* of Denver City:—

"A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—Con Orem, the pretended Champion of Colorado Territory, published in your paper of 26th ult. a slanderous, ungentlemanly card in relation to myself.

"Too much has been said already in making this fight, through the columns of a newspaper, and I hardly deemed it advisable to take farther notice of this "mouth" fighter, and it is for the only reason of placing before the public this wind-bag in his true light that I consented to reply to his card.

"Soon after my arrival in this county, arrangements were made to have a meeting between Orem and myself to settle the preliminaries for the fight, and stop the incessant war of words which has annoyed the public for four months. We accordingly met with our friends, and after discussing the matter *pro* and *con*, the only proposition Orem would listen to, was to fight in six months from the signing of articles for $4,000—$500 or $1,000 forfeit, the balance of the money to be put up the day previous to the fight, and in case either party failed to place in the hands of the stakeholders the amount due, it should be binding on both to fight for the forfeit.

"Giving Mr. Orem the credit due him for this magnanimous (?) proposition, I cannot, and I think no candid and fair-minded man can construe it any other way, than a cowardly coercion of his several propositions.

"This proposition I will make:—I will fight Mr. Orem in a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the London P. R., in from three days to three months from the date of signing articles, for the sum of $4,000—$1,000 forfeit, the balance of the money to be put up in instalments, so that the whole amount will be up ten days previous to the fight.

"I never had the slightest idea that this 'scab' intended business. I mean 'bis.,' and unles Orem accepts my proposition and gives me, or takes the opportunity of settling the difficulty in a gentlemanly way, I will dish him up a little Mohawk 'krout,' to see if it will not stop the diarrhœa of his foul mouth.

"CHARLIE SWITS, Champion of Colorado Ter."

So much for Switsey and his "krouty" card. Now for

CON OREM'S CARD.—"EDITORS NEWS:—As Charles Swits, in his card of yesterday, indulged in what are the characteristics of his 'kind'—low slang and billingsgate—I have no reply to make to it. I cannot descend to a level with him in this mode of fighting. He signs himself the 'Champion of Colorado Territory.' No one will dispute his right to the championship of all that is indecent and ungentlemanly. Whipping a few drunken men don't constitute him champion of the ring. When he whips a sober man he might make some pretensions to this honor—not before. I challenge Mr. Swits to accept my former proposition.

"Messrs. Editors, I have trespassed upon your columns too often already, and I promise this shall be my last.

"Respectfully, J. C. OREM,
"The True Champion of Colorado."

Judging from the above, we look upon it that no prize ring battle will take place between them, but that the proposed match will end in a fizzle.

JEM COBURN'S EXHIBITION.—As has been already mentioned, the sparring exhibition for the benefit of Jem Coburn will take place at Montgomery Hall, 76 Prince street, on Thursday evening, July 24th. Coburn announces on his bills that the following boxers will appear and set-to:—Con Fitzgerald, John Woods, John Monaghan, Owen Geogheghan, Joe Coburn, Bill Clark, Pat Hughes, Con Foley, Harry Lazarus, Mike Trainer, Jem Kelly, Dan Kerrigan, Johnny Roche, Jack Bath, Charley Holmes, and Jem Devine. Jem Dillon, who fought Laverty, in New Orleans, will wind-up with Jem Coburn.

CRICKET.

CRICKET, ARCHERY, BASE BALL, and other Games. Implements for the above, such as BALLS, BATS, WICKETS, BASES, BOWS and ARROWS, TARGETS, BELTS, &c.; as well as Chessmen, Chequers, Bagatelles, Tivolis, Playing Cards, Dominoes, Dice and Cups, and a great variety of social games—constantly a good supply—on hand and for sale at moderate prices.
☞ Catalogues and prices can be had on application. A fair discount to dealers. C. F. A. HINRICHS,
6-3m 150 Broadway (up stairs), N. Y.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

JULY 22.—East Williamsburgh vs. Manhattan, at Hoboken.
24.—Willow vs. St. George, at Hoboken.
—.—Eighteen Americans (with one professional) vs. Eleven English, including three professionals, on New York grounds, at Hoboken.
AUG. —.—New York vs. All Massachusetts, at Boston.
21—St. George vs. Boston, at Boston.

BRILLIANT CRICKET.—The great cricket match played at "the Oval" between the gentlemen and professional players of England, on June 26, 27, and 28, ended in a draw, the total of each innings being for the gentlemen, 276 and 211; for the professionals, 244 and 211, with two wickets to fall. The principal scores were, for the former, E. Dawson, 13 and 12; Hon. C. G. Lyttelton, 3 and 57; A. W. Daniel, 26 and 19; F. Burbidge, 9 and 43; J. Walker, 98 and 10; F. Lee, 35 and 2; F. P. Miller, 55 and 38; and V. E. Walker 5 and 8, and not out both times. For the latter, F. Hayward scored 77 and 31; R. Carpenter, 4 and 43; W. Caffyn, 5 and 23; G. Anderson, 19 and not out, 33; H. H. Stephenson, 27 and not out, 33; and J. Jackson, not out, 35 and 10. If we could only get up a match on this side of the water, in which such lively run getting would be exhibited, with corresponding good bowling and fielding, cricket would not long go begging for popularity. "Our fellers" as a general thing, are afraid to hit hard, and "dat's what's de matter."

CRICKET IN HALIFAX, N. S.—On Saturday afternoon, July 5, a cricket match between the Rose and Chebucto clubs was played on the common. The latter club made 96 runs in their first, and 46 in their second innings, while the Rose made 66 in their first, and 75 in their second; thus the Chebucto beat the Rose by one run and nine wickets to go down. On Monday, July 7, a very interesting cricket match was played between the 17th Regt. and A Batt'n. R. A., and 16th Regt., and the rest of R. A., in which the latter were victorious. In the first innings the former made 38, and 48 in the second, while the latter made 44 in the first and 41 in the second, thus winning by two runs.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Continued from page 119.

Tom Neville, equestrian, was with Blenno's Circus, in Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are not likely to visit us very soon. They have just entered into an engagement in England for a tour of three months, for which they are to receive £1700, and play only five nights a week. At the close of this tour, Mr. Paul will settle down, after working uninterruptedly for nearly eight years.

There is to be a grand display of military music at the International Exhibition, London. Official invitations have been sent to Austria, Belgium, France, Holland, Italy, and Prussia. The United States has no place in John Bull's alphabet. He "cawnt himhagine" how we could have any military bands. This is the last country for him ever to understand fairly. We could spare "a few" military bands that might make "some noise in the world" among good judges, and then have plenty left to make any country glorious. However, a rich musical treat is to take place when this "muster" is "played in" at the International Exhibition. The English competitors invited are from the Royal Horse Guards, the 2d Life Guards, the Royal Artillery (two Bands), Royal Engineers, Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Fusiliers, Royal Marines, and Volunteer Engineers. The distribution of the awards will be announced by the state trumpeters of the Life Guards.

Miss Louisa Pyne was graciously welcomed by her Italian sisters, at Her Majesty's, London, and the little English warbler now fills the place of prima donna among them, acceptably to the public. Well, we "might a knowed it."

Just let Young America fancy such lady stall-keepers as those who presided at the Annual Fancy Fair for aiding the Royal Dramatic College, held in the Crystal Palace, London, on the 19th July:—Mrs. Billington, Miss Kate Carson, Miss Conquest, Mrs. Conquest, Miss Elsworthy, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Herbert, Miss K. Hickson, Mrs. St. Henry, Miss Hunt, Miss Hudspeth, Miss E. Johnstone, Miss F. Josephs, Miss Louise Laidlaw, Miss Catherine Lucette, Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mrs. Mellon, Miss Marriott, Mrs. Howard Paul, Mrs. Ruddell, Miss C. Saunders, Mrs. Stirling, Miss H. Sims, Miss Lydia Thompson. It would not "pay" well for a man to be "short of change" around those angelic diplomatists.

Our previously expressed admiration of the old Bath (Eng.) Theatre now finds a curious confirmation in the fact that Charles Kean, as one of the Building Committee for the new house, reports against offering prizes for new plans, and declares that "the old model cannot be improved upon."

Parry's Circus Company have divided at Cape Town, C. G. H. Mrs. Clara Tellett has leased the Cape Town Theatre, while Mr. Parry opens at Port Elizabeth in a new theatre lately built there by some amateurs. Biz. is reported as very good at both towns.

We are very apt to overdo in throwing what Mrs. Partington calls "buckets" at the feet of performers, especially the feminines, but one of the Modena journals asserts that when Amalia Ferraris was recently dancing at the Teatro Reggio in that city, two "thousand" bouquets were thrown upon the stage at the close of her principal dance. Now, this beats *our* time. We "calkerlate" that two hundred "buckets" (not Hingham pails) would make a pretty tall pile for a dancer to throw one leg over. Two "thousand" is almost too steep. However, Amalia was in her "native Italy," and that is now throwing out a renewed youth.

William Cooke is about to part with his performing elephant "Elephant of Wisdom."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are doing well on the quiet. They are announced as "a double company (two)." The two seem to be well united, however.

Miss Catherine Lucette has created quite a revival in the way of burlesques at Sadler's Wells, London. Her latest is by Capt. Horton Rhys, and called "Punch and Fun, or The Follies of the Day."

Jem Mace now ranks among the regular equestrian managers. Tom Sayers advertises "two hundred men and horses;" so, of course, Jem Mace advertises "two hundred and *fifty* men and horses." This is a sign that Jem is bound to "rise in his class."

There has been an awful row at the St. James's, London, about a piece called "His Last Victory." The author, Watts Phillips, (residing in Paris,) Miss Ruth Herbert, who played the leading lady character, Fred. A. Milbank, the lessee, and George Vining the stage manager, have taken part in a rather peppery correspondence. After the fifth night the piece was withdrawn. As the author had already received a hundred pounds at the start, we think that his "victory" began early.

Mr. Samuel Watkins, formerly with Manager J. C. Chute, at the New Theatre, Birmingham, died in that city on the 27th June. Deceased had been a trimming manufacturer in London, but took a fancy to the stage, and obtained a very fair provincial reputation in an unusually short novitiate. Since Christmas last he had failing health, and died in his forty-ninth year.

Mr. Melvin has taken the place of Mr. Nish as leader in Montague's party of Christy Minstrels, and a new basso, G. Romer, has been added.

After fifty years of managerial life, the venerable Wm. Batty, proprietor of Astley's, London, now offers that establishment for sale or to let on lease. Somewhat failing health is the only cause, for the house is as popular as ever. "Mazeppa" draws better than ever, and Stage Manager Billy Searle will most likely remain as a "tower of strength."

Something for Barnum. Just so. A hot day the only thing next needed. A Fat Boy (not Pickwickian) is now exhibiting at the Tichborne-street Pavilion, London, who is said to be "the largest boy of his age in the world." Whether he carries a suit of vulcanized rubber armor we cannot say, but he has previously exhibited in the principal cities of Australia. His age is 13 years; stands 5 ft. 6 in.; weighs 322 lbs.; measures under the shoulders, 62 inches, and around the waist, 57 inches; and is said to be fond of playing leap-frog.

At the Britannia, London, a new piece has been brought out called "American Slavery, or The Creole of St. Louis."

G. V. Brooke and Miss Avonia Jones finished an engagement of three weeks at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on the 12th July.

At Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, the officers of the 11th British Regt. are preparing to rebuild the old Garrison Theatre, recently somewhat dilapidated. The old house was noted for having had G. V. Brooke, F. Younge, and Miss Cathcart (now Mrs. Heir) while on their way out to Melbourne, about seven years ago.

Manager Falconer's "Peep o'Day" reached its 200th performance at his Lyceum, London, on the 5th July.

Violin players at Cologne are almost crazy about two young sisters, named Juliette and Julia Delapierre, who play together somewhat in the style we have seen the Brothers Mollenhauer perform.

From Cape Town, C. G. H., we have dates to the 23d May. Franklin & Co.'s Circus Company, with Messrs. Leon, Jean Johnson, the Stevens Family, Mr. and Mrs. Ethair, etc., had been very successful, had a week's recess, and then began again to increased biz. Mons. Olivier's Circus Company had arrived there from Calcutta, but preferred going on to Port Elizabeth, where Taylor, the proprietor of the Cape Town Circus, is also building a suitable establishment.

Boucicault is rushing "The Colleen Bawn" at Drury Lane, and himself as Myles-na-Coppaleen. "Pauvrette" is soon to be brought out, with Mrs. Boucicault once more on the boards.

Oratorio music is now introduced among the selections at music halls, such as the Oxford, in London, and always received with great favor. This is an item for old fogies who will not grant that popular tastes may be improved by cultivation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ogden are engaged at Leeds, from the 7th July to 1st Aug.

GAME OF DOMINOES.—FRIEND QUEEN.—Knowing your willingness and desire to place upon record anything unusual in sporting, I send you the following account of a game of dominoes (French game) played in my office last evening. Is it not very unusual? A and B were playing:—

A set double 5........counts 10	B played 4–2;
B played 5–4;	A played double 2;...counts 10
A played 5–6.........counts 10	B played 3 blank;
B played 6–3;	A played blank 6.....counts 10
A played double 3....counts 10	

and went domino, counting 16: A not drawing a single piece, B drawing 3 pieces. Has this been beaten? Yours respectfully,
Paterson, N. J., July 12. CHARLES T.

HORSE AND MAN RACING AT DENVER, C. T.—The foot race between Kendrick and Adams, which was run on Saturday, June 28, and created so much interest that bets to the amount of about seven thousand dollars were staked on either party, was won by Kendrick, by two feet, Kendrick having given Adams five feet in the start; distance one hundred yards. After the foot race, a trotting match for three hundred and twenty-five dollars was gotten up between Baldwin's gray and Broadwell's gray. Mile heats, best two in three. Won in the first two heats by Baldwin's horse. A lively time was expected upon the D. C. J. C. R. track on the afternoon of the Fourth—five of the best horses in the Territory having been entered for the running race on that occasion.

FOOT RACE.—Quite an exciting foot race for $20 a side came off on the 16th inst., on Stuyvesant Square, between Tom Gagen and Phil O'Neill, better known in the 17th Ward as the Skinner, in which Gagen was the winner. Distance half a mile. Time, 2 minutes 43 seconds. The Skinner, although satisfied he was beaten in that instance, is ready to run Gagen or any other man in the city for from $100 to $300 a side. Man and money ready at P. O. Neill's, No. 5 Hall Place, at any time.

FISH BY THE BARREL.—On the 14th inst., a party of gentlemen returned from a fishing tour on Lake Ontario to Utica, N. Y. With the party went George Westcott, Dr. G. A. Foster, E. S. Barnum, Esq., Mr. Jackson, of New York, who returned home laden with spoils of their successful piscatorial cruise. They brought home several barrels of fresh pike, bass, &c.

BOAT BUILDING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.—Mr. GEORGE C. NEWMAN having gone to the war, I am prepared, during his absence, to build every description of boats, from a thirty pound race boat to a ship's long boat. I have secured the services of JAS. MACKAY, the celebrated race boat builder. If you want a fast boat send your orders to the office, 368 South street. Boat building establishment, foot of 114th st., Harlem River. Spoon oars made.
15-tf STEPHEN ROBERTS.

FRENCH INVENTION.—The Straboscope, Magic Circle, or Animated Tableaux. Price 20 cents.
15-1t* GEO. MELLISH, South Boston, Mass.

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AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

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NEW SERIES—NUMBER FIFTEEN.

JEM WARD'S BENEFIT.

The long talked of complimentary benefit to Jem Ward, "the last of his race," came off at Hackney Wick on Monday, June 30. As a matter of course I was on deck: "by good rights" I ought to have gone direct from Jem's house, but meeting a party in Tom Wilson's, the Spotted Dog, (opposite *Bell's Life* office, in the Strand,) they insisted on me accompanying them, and as a cab was already in waiting, I jumped inside with considerable alacrity, because they were just on the point of tossing me in whether or no, and considering discretion the better part of valor—especially as Billy Duncan was one of the crowd—I submitted with resignation. The weather being extraordinarily fine for London, we enjoyed the ride first rate, particularly that part known as Victoria Park: it was the more interesting as I had never been in this direction before, and every object seemed new; in this Park, that immensely rich and somewhat eccentric maiden, Miss Burdett Coutts, (of whom everybody has heard tell or read of,) has had erected a large ornamental drinking fountain, in shape similar to a Chinese pagoda, and without injuring the licensed victuallers, it is well patronized by all grades and classes.

We arrived at the Wick about half-past four, and as usual, were besieged by a gang of ragged-shouldered Bedouin Arabs, struggling among themselves to get first alongside to open our cab door for lush money. Getting rid of these eye-sores by tossing a few coppers to be scrambled for by the crowd, we sought quiet and refreshment in the White Lion parlor, where I got introduced to Mr. James Baum, its proprietor; though a lamb instead of a lion in general demeanor and conversation, Mr. B. looks capable of whipping half a dozen ordinary men, provided they get his dander up. Jack Grant, (to whom Sayers is indebted for the name he's got, as all well-informed sporting men here could tell you, had John not indulged too freely in sweet gin the very morning of fighting,) Sam Barker, the "permissive" ten mile champion, Teddy Mills, Fatty Macnamara, a great racket player, John Forrester, the celebrated detective, Tom King, Dan Collins, Peter Crawley, Mr. N. Sharp, of the *Illustrated Sporting News*, Mr. Holt, of *Bell's Life*, (by the way, he is a son of the renowned Harry Holt, Cicero of the Prize Ring,) and scores of well-known sporting men, kept dropping in for their glass, cigar, or sandwich. It would take too much space to specify all that was going on, and beside that would be of no interest, generally speaking, for the reason that the men who contended in the foot-races, pole-leaping, etc., were all unknown even here, and certainly cannot be known in the United States. The great feature, and what all went to see, was the sparring, and you shall hear all about that bye and bye.

Mr. James Baum, in conjunction with a committee of Jem Ward's staunch admirers, got up this benefit to give the myriads of country people and foreigners now in London, an opportunity to see Glorious Jem "perform," and Bill Price was appointed manager; he promised there would be "a day's sport worthy of the good old times—of fair stand-up mills as of yore, and deserving the patronage of all who remember days gone by, when cavilling for weight was not known, and before *win, tie, or arrange*, was born!" Cutting language, mind you, to come from this side the "big say," but none the less truthful, nevertheless. It's of no use talking to the contrary. Here's Jem Ward, who virtually was Champion from 1825 to 1841—while now it seems impossible to hold the title for three years! And why? Simply because the men that could secure the proud title, don't care to get mixed up with the "managers" of big fights. Just note how easy and quietly the £10 a side battles are got off, and ask yourself the question if there isn't something wrong somewhere. Don't think for a moment I wish to condemn all, only if matchmaking is conducted so that certain parties know from the very first who cannot lose under any circumstances, the sooner such black-leg transactions are exposed the better 'twill be. Isn't that every honest sporter's opinion? I fancy that your instant reply will be that "it ain't nothin' shorter," or similar explicit language. Well, that's so much for so much—now for something else.

You won't care to have a repetition of this popular sporting rendezvous, Hackney Wick race-ground, as a feeble description prefaced Mace and King's benefit of March 10, when it will be remembered I predicted Jem and Tom would certainly meet again, and lo! and behold! "it am just so!" This time I just guess Mr. Mace will come out the wrong end of the horn, and you can just stick another big pin here. D'ye mind? All right then. It is not my *forte* at guessing numbers, and perhaps the *Sporting Life* of to-morrow may enlighten you in this respect—still that does not hinder an opinion, which is that there was "an ungodly crowd present," to use a Cockney rough's term, and fully as many as at Mace and King's. Even had there not been three or four thousand, I learn Jem had sold £100 worth of tickets to gentlemen, independent of money taken this day for admission, one half of whom probably never intended going—therefore, financially, Mr. Ward made out tip-top, and I'm glad of it—so are you, and so will everybody be who ever heard of the old hero, while anybody that hasn't is "anathema and maranatha," (good for dictionary sellers.) It will be as well now to think about the boxing instead of moytherin' and potherin' about questions entirely out of order, and not be stringing it out as though I were a penny-a-liner, or a novelist on short rations. Perhaps there won't be any harm in naming a few gents occupying the same table as myself, all five shilling seats, (don't forget that). Well, there were Captain Siebert, a Yankee and his first mate; Mr. H., who took Izzy Lazarus and the boys out to America; George Newbold, noted for his love of stout, yet as lean as a poker; Paddy Howard, of *Bell*, a man of great learning, who never takes an oath but he swears, nor admireth "swipes" when "green seal" is on the premises, emphatically damning the expense; and last, that lion-hearted little American, Charley Lynch, the most honest and straightforward boxer in Great Britain, without a solitary exception. Who occupied the other five shilling seats I trow not, and without further ceremony you shall be made acquainted with Billy Duncan, Inspector and M.C.; and Fuggy White, who never fought in his life, the assistant inspector. This time, instead of a stage, the ring was on the turf, fixed up with the regular P. B. A. ropes and stakes. Billy Duncan introduced for the first set-to

DENNY SULLIVAN AND BILL BARRY.—Decidedly in favor of Barry, he putting Denny's capers completely in the shade by going right to him and landing every time on the Erinite's conk, which, though in full bloom before starting, almost blossomed ere Barry got through with him. Generally, Denny creates a bit of fun by his hanky-panky tricks, but there being "no b——y kid" (as they say here) about Barry, he couldn't come it: Bill got his left home every time as straight as a bean-pole, notwithstanding Denny's dodging and attempts at stopping the same—one actually floored him like a shot, and several times he'd have gone down but for the ropes. Both have been previously referred to, and performances, etc., given: they initiated the begging dodge, and made a fine thing of it.

2. STEBBINS AND LEWHARD.—Neither one up to much, only representing age and beauty (?) Stebbins has been a bruiser in his time; but as for Lennard, whose curly locks were of ginger hue, he ain't nobody: they acted worse than novices, because their spirit him deserted. Before referred to: also passed round their greasy castors.

3. SAVERNAKE BOYS.—These youngsters are to be seen at all benefits and generally perform well for kids. As above, and ditto.

4. HEENAN AND ROBINSON.—The same couple that sparred together at Jerry Noon's benefit, when style, etc., was commented on. As above, and ditto.

5. CHARLEY LYNCH AND TOM TYLER.—Most all who read the account of Gillam and Tyler's glove fight can form an idea what sort of "bloke" the latter individual is, and there's no necessity of reproducing that scene. Well, Tyler had sent Duncan especially to Lynch, praying for a box, knowing at the same time that he meant to spar with Harrington, when he arrived on the ground; he also saw that Charley was not exactly in proper fettle for sparring, and itched for a chance to show off, seeing he couldn't ring in with the party with Lynch, who had lots of cash and were not stingy with it either: there was another reason, to wit, Charley Lynch has never, in all his career, [gone round with his hat, and what is more, never will, and consequently these dead beats are always eager to secure Lynch, because they just double what they would if anybody but Lynch performed with them. To make this plainer: after the set-to, one "beat" goes one way, and the other another way, making application to every one for money, never missing one, even though they have to climb trees for it; this done, they put all together and divide equally: consequently, the party that is lucky enough to set-to with Lynch has the field to himself. Understand? This being the case, greedy Tom with tearful supplication at last prevailed on Charley to spar with him, and thereby financially superceded Harrington. As I said before, Lynch was in anything but right fix to cope with a youthful, tricky, and scientific bruiser, because he had been in Captain Siebert's company all day, and naturally enough took a little suthin' to drink occasionally. With his great big heart he scorned to refuse, and the consequence was he got somewhat bested: once, between a slip and a hit, he got a very severe fall, hitting his head against a stake, and for the time appeared abroad; but with a lion's pluck, he rallied and went in "tooth and nail," sticking to Tyler like wax, and using both hands desperately until he fell. In this way they had half a dozen rounds amid the greatest excitement, while it was all Duncan could do to part them at last. It matters nothing what people may say about Charley's science, and I will say myself that he is not brilliant, but when it comes to fighting, the brave little American will stay there as long as he can crawl to the scratch, and when he can't do that he'll lie down to it: just as long as there's breath in his body, he will never surrender—that we know, and I only regret Charley is out of business, with none too much of the "root of all evil" (and good, too, for that matter,) or no doubt he would soon get a house again, and once established, could make money. I have been thus lengthy and particular, as Charley deserves special mention—except in his battles, many will forget him around the States, and I want to stir up your memories a little: there's another thing to say ere the finish, and that is, that Charley Lynch has got one of the prettiest little wives in England, whose education and accomplishments are not one jot behind those of any lady in the country—his family, too, is a very interesting one, and Charley is a model husband and father. That's so, Johnny Roche!

6. JEM WARD AND NAT LANGHAM.—The old veteran of threescore, with his silvery gray locks, was greeted with a terrific volley of cheers, and Nat likewise came in for similar honors. They had come on thus early, as Nat had special business in town and wanted to get home quick. As might be expected, it was a jolly, good-natured affair throughout, and although Ward is old enough to be Langham's father, he kept pegging away first with his wonderful left on Nat's smeller, and next putting in a rib-roaster under the left arm, giving the Mitre host no time to think at all. True, Nat managed to keep hopping around, but so sure as he led off, Jem's head was on one side in a jiffy, and the blow wasted on the desert air. They had three rounds to the great delight of those fortunate enough to be present, and I feel mighty proud of belonging to that crowd—what a heap of sports in New York would they could say the same! Oh! sonnies, you missed it this time, and it happened just my luck to be here—don't you see? I hate to be thus brief, but if this letter is to go by to-day's steamer, I must per necessity cut it short, and hope these circumstances will be sufficient apology.

7. JOE ROWE AND MIKE MADDEN.—An exciting glove fight this, all in favor of Joe, who never had his left mawley out of the Irishman's face. Madden tossed Rowe once to get even, but instead of that, Joey only redoubled his exertions, and made Mike feel mighty queer. I've often had a word about Rowe, and as time is precious, for an idea of Madden's looks, see Currier's lithograph of Morrissey in attitude—it's the exact image of Gentle Mike. Joe Rowe would certainly have been Champion of England but for his coming out too late, the same as Harry Poulson.

8. JEMMY SHAW AND TONY BURKE.—No match at all, Jemmy hitting Tony all over at once, driving him before him, getting his head in chancery, and even taking him across his knee. Jemmy's only got one eye, but he sees double with the other. Tony never fought; he was on the beat, nevertheless, Jemmy himself chucking in half-a-crown to start with. Big thing on the great London canine fancier.

9. JENKINS AND A GORILLA.—The Gorilla, or Mace's Wolf, (he don't seem to have any name,) as you are aware, is a nigger, dyed in the wool, and a d——d saucy nigger, too, who makes no bones of striking an old man, a boy or a woman. Jenkins, (a pupil of Charley Lynch's,) though a new hand, gave the Gorilla blow for blow, and stuck to him closer than a brother. Mace's Wolf came the "mungo" for gin money, but not so Jenkins; he, like his tutor, is too much of a man for that sort of business.

10. BOS TYLER AND JACK SMITH.—Short and sweet, Bos getting a buster on the bugle that fetched blood; having a new pair of light trowsers, he adjourned instanter, rather than spoil the kerseymere's—wise man, Tyler. Bos, like Shaw, Walker of Stony Stratford, and several others, has one dull lamp: otherwise, he's a fine-looking young fellow. Smith, of Portsmouth, took up a collection, as usual.

There were a couple more boys sparred, but it was of no account. I should like to have described the leading men's mugs and performances for you if the steamer would wait for me, but as that's asking rather too much, you will have to rest content for the present. Before closing, let me urge on sporting men in the United States, never to encourage the "grubbing" game so common here, or boxing will go to the dogs—it's a contemptible practice altogether. Down with the dead beats!

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Received. Thanks.

EXPRESS, N. Y.—We will examine the Position and report progress. J. P. S. will shine soon, we think.

JOSEPH RHODES, Readville, Mass.—We acknowledge all orders for the Elements of Draughts, as soon as possible after receiving them. If such acknowledgment has appeared in the CLIPPER, your book has been forwarded; otherwise, your letter has never reached us.

MOSES C. WINTERS, Du Quoin, Ill.—Stamps received—the "Elements" will be forwarded at once.

NEW YORK, July, 1862.

MR. DRAUGHT EDITOR—Sir: The Game below was played in Buffalo a few years since, between Drysdale and Spayth.

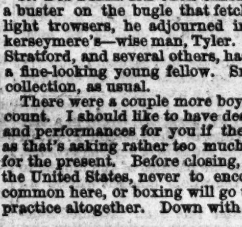
GAME No. 15—VOL. X.
FIFE.

Black, Drysdale.		White, Spayth.		Black, Drysdale.		White, Spayth.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	11..14	to 17	21	to 14
2.. 9	14	22	17	12..10	17	26	22
3.. 5	9	26	23	13..17	26	31	22
4.. 9	13	30	26	14.. 2	6	18	14
5..13	22	25	9	15.. 6	10	14	9
6.. 6	13	20	25	16.. 7	11	27	24
7.. 1	5	25	22	17..10	14	9	6
8.. 5	9	24	20	18..14	17	22	18
9..15	24	28	19	19..11	16	20	11
10.. 9	14	22	18	20.. 8(a)		22, and Drysdale wins	

(a) This game is also in Drummond's 2d edition, p. 17, Var A. Spayth has it in the A. D. P., p. 189, Var 11, and claims it original with himself. He might have given Drysdale the credit of it, even if he had not the decency to give it to Drummond, to whom the credit belongs. I will here state to those that have written me to know why I call Spayth the "Compiler," and to those that have not his book, what they would gain by having it. The "Will 'o the Wisp" in the A. D. P. has 61 Vars, and not a single one is original with Spayth. He claims one, however, but that is to be found in Drummond. The "Second Double Corner" has 29 Vars, and not one is original with the compiler. The "Double Corner" has 23 Vars, and not one of them is original with the "would be author." The "Laird and Lady," the first game played, has 166 Vars, of these 119 are compilations from authors, and a large number of the balance are taken from the CLIPPER and Porter's Spirit; but he has them down as original with himself. If the work of other men's brains, their labor, their toil, belongs to Spayth, then indeed he is an author.

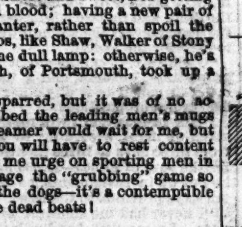
Yours, EXPRESS.

POSITION No. 16—Vol. X.
BY C. H. M.
Dedicated to D. W. GOULD, 2d Regt. N. H. Volunteers.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

THE 82d POSITION OF STURGES.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.
BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
23.. 7	11	22	18
24..15	22	8	15
25..22	26		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 15—VOL. X.
BY J. H. BURNHAM.

White.		Black.	
1..30	26	22	25
2..13	9	5	14
3..31	27	24	31
4.. 8	3	31	22
5.. 3	26, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 81st POSITION.
Position reserved till next week.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

DEATH OF HENRY BUCKLE, Esq.—Incidentally, our readers have already been made aware of the decease of this distinguished gentleman, author, and chess-player. Herr Loewenthal (*Era*) thus makes the sad announcement:—"Chess players will hear with the deepest regret of the death of Mr. Buckle, the world-famous author of the "History of Civilization." The melancholy event took place on the 31st May, ult., at Damascus. Though Mr. Buckle was lately known chiefly as a historian, his earliest fame was acquired in connection with chess, and he continued to the last to take the most lively interest in the game. As a player he stood certainly in the first rank. For some years he was a daily visitor at the Divan, Strand, and the frequenters of that resort will, no doubt, have many pleasant remembrances of evenings spent in his company. The editor of this column (Herr L.) takes pleasure in the recollection of having played a match with this distinguished gentleman in 1851. Mr. Buckle was born at Lee, in Kent, in November, 1822." To this we may add that the perusal of many of his contests have given us a very lively pleasure, while they have afforded much excellent instruction. He was one of Mr. Staunton's particular friends, and to him we look for a worthy obituary notice of the deceased chess-player. His best games may be found scattered all through the works written or edited by Mr. S.—one of the latest, a fine "Giuoco Piano," won of Andersen, in *Chess Praxis*, p. 125. That enduring monument to his genius, the match above referred to by Herr L. is recorded in *Staunton's Chess Tournament*, pp. 225—242. We subjoin a masterly game, less accessible to the majority of players than those mentioned, won by Mr. B. of M. Kieseritzky, the great Livonian, played many years since, just as the subject of this notice was passing from the ranks of odds takers to place his name on the roll of first rates. (M. Kieseritzky gives Mr. Buckle P and move.

Mr. Buckle.	Kieseritzky.	Mr. Buckle.	Kieseritzky.
1..P to K 4	Q Kt to B 3	17..Q to R 5 +	K R to B 2
2..P-Q 4	P-K 4	18..Q R × B	Q P × R
3..P-Q 5	Q Kt-K 2	19..K R-Q sq	Q-R 3
4..Q B-Kt 5	K Kt-B 3	20..Q Kt-Q 6 +	K-his B sq
5..Q B × Kt	Kt P × B	21..Kt × Q R	Kt × Q Kt
6..Q-K R 5 +	Kt-Kt 3	22..Q-R 6 +	K-K Kt 2
7..K Kt-B 3	Q-K 2	23..R-Q 8 +	K-his B 2
8..P-Q 6	Q-K B 2	24..Q-R 5 +	R-K Kt 3
9..Q P × P	K B-B 4	25..Q × R P +	R-Kt 2
10..Q Kt-Q 2	P-Q 3	26..Q-R 5 +	R-Kt 3
11..K B-Kt 5 +	Q B-Q 2	27..R × Q Kt	Q × K B
12..Q-B 4 (1)	K R-B sq (2)	28..Kt-K R 4	Q-K Kt sq
13..Castles, Q R	P-Q B 3	29..Q × K B +	Q × Q
14..K B × B +	Q × K B	30..K Kt × Q	K × K Kt
15..Q Kt-B 4	Q R-B sq (3)	31..P Queens, and	
16..Q R-Q 5	Q Kt-K 2	M. Kieseritzky resigned. (4)	

(1) The opening, and indeed the whole of this game, is remarkably well played by Mr. Buckle.

(1) Had he taken the B, his opponent would have gained at least the exchange by Queening his P.

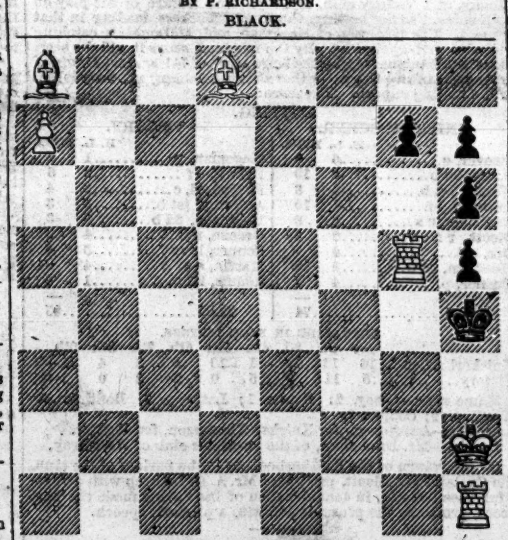
(3) He would have lost a Pawn by exchanging Queens.

(4) From the "Chess Players' Chronicle," Vol. IV. p. 196.

ENIGMA No. 338.
From the Illustrated London News.
BY MR. W. MACKENZIE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 338.
BY P. RICHARDSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and compel Black to give mate in six moves.

GAME No. 338.
Recently played at Weber's Chess Rooms between our contributor P. Richardson and an amateur.

QUEEN'S KT'S OPENING.

Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..P to Q B 3	K Kt to his 3
2..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	12..Q B-K 3	Kt × K P
3..P-K B 4	K P × P (a)	13..K Kt × Kt	P-Q 4
4..P-K 5	K Kt-home	14..B × R P (b)	Q B-K 3
5..K Kt-B 3	K B-B 4	15..Q-K B 3	Q P × Kt
6..P-Q 4	K B-Kt 3	16..Q-K Kt 3	P-K Kt 3
7..K B-B 4	P-Q B 3	17..K B × B	K-his R 2
8..Castles	K Kt-K 2	18..Kt × B P	K R × Kt
9..Q B × P	Castles	19..K R × R +, and the Attack gives mate, directly.	
10..Q Kt-K 4	P-K R 3		

(a) Taking this P is bad at the outset; P to Q 4th is the correct move here.

(b) The position is curious and interesting—of the three pieces now *en prise* the Defence can capture none without disaster, *e. g.*: If 14..P × Q, 15..Kt to K B 6 (ch), and the Attack will win in a few moves.

If 14..	P × Kt,	16..R × R	K to R sq
15..Kt × P	R × Kt	17..B × P +, and 18..Q mates.	

and if 14..P × K B, 15..Q to K R 5th, with an overwhelming attack.—E. W. B.

Interesting *partie* between Mr. Wm. Hampton and the Rev. J. Owen.—*Era.*

THE FIANCHETTO.

W. Hampton.	Rev. J. Owen.	W. Hampton.	Rev. J. Owen.
1..P to K 4	P to Q Kt 3	26..Q R to B 2	Q × Kt P
2..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 2	26..R-Q Kt sq	Q-her R 5
3..P-Q 4	P-K 3	27..Q B-his 7	Kt-Q B 4
4..K B-Q 3	K Kt-B 3	28..R-Q Kt 6	Q-her 2 (*f*)
5..P-Q R 3	P-Q B 4	29..K R-B 6	Q B × Kt
6..Q B-K 3	P-Q B 5	30..B P × B	Kt × K P
7..K B × P	K Kt × P	31..Q-her Kt 6	K B-Q sq
8..Q Kt × Kt	Q B × Kt	32..Q B-Kt 2	B × Q B
9..P-K B 3	Q B-B 4	33..K R × B	Q-her R 5
10..P-Q 5	Q-her B 2	34..B-Q Kt sq	Q-her 8 +
11..K B-Kt 3	K B-Q 3	35..K-his R 2	Q Kt-Q 7
12..K Kt-K 2	Castles (*e*)	36..B-Q B 2 (*g*)	Q-her B 8
13..P-K R 3	Kt-Q R 3	37..K B-Q 3	P-K 5
14..Castles	Kt-Q B 4	38..Q R-B 2	Kt-B 6 + (*h*)
15..Q R-B sq (*d*)	P-K 4 (*e*)	39..Kt P × Kt	Q-B 5 +
16..Kt-Q B 3	P-Q R 3	40..K-Kt sq	K P × B
17..K B-R 2	Q B-Kt 3	41..R-Q Kt 2	Q-Kt 6 +
18..P-Q Kt 4	Kt-his 2	42..K-his B sq	Q × B P +
19..K Kt-K 4	K B-K 2	43..K-Kt sq	Q-Kt 6 +
20..P-Q B 4	P-Q 3	44..K his B sq	P-Q 7
21..Q-K sq	P-Q R 4	45..R-Kt sq (*i*)	Q-B 6 +
22..Q-K B 2	R P × P	46..Q-K B 2	P Queens +
23..Q B × P	Q-her 2	47..R × 2d Q	Q × Q R, and the Defence wins.
24..B P × P	Q-her R 5		

(c) Prudently declined taking R P with B; the Attack, in reply, would have played P to K B 4th, winning the B.

(d) We should have preferred 15..Kt to Q 4th.

(e) The correct move to debar the Attack's Kt from Q 4th.

(*f*) The best defence; it not only saves the Pawn, but also obtains a superior position.

(*g*) If 36..K B to Q 3d, then P to K 5th, at once, is the rejoinder.

(A) Cleverly conceived! after this the Attack's course is beset with difficulties from which there is no escape.

(*i*) The Attack could not venture to capture the P, for, had he done so, mate would have followed in a few moves.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES,

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FIFTEEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

GEORGE BARTLEY.

BORN in England, 1784; made his first appearance on any stage as the Page in "The Paurs," in the year 1800, at Drury Lane Theatre, London. He was the stock prologue and epilogue speaker at that theatre for a long time. A subsequent flourishing career in the provinces, and his marriage with Miss Smith, in 1841, brought him again to the metropolis, where his *debut* as Falstaff established him a co-mate, and on their withdrawal, a worthy successor of Dawton, Fawcett, and Munden, was for many years the "Master" of Covent Garden Theatre Fund.

He was a notorious and popular representative of the *role* of Falstaff, and the original and best personator of Max Harkaway in "London Assurance," that has ever been seen on the stage. He was one of the old school of legitimate actors—a race which is fast becoming extinct.

As a man, he acquired the respect and esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact. His heart and hand were alike open to all who needed assistance.

His first appearance on the American stage took place in December, 1818, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Falstaff, in "Henry IV." Returned to England and took his farewell of the stage in 1853, at the Princess' Theatre, London. Died July 22d, 1858, at his house in Woburn Square, London; he was seized with paralysis.

MRS. GEORGE BARTLEY.

MAIDEN name Smith. Born in Liverpool, October 23d, 1783; made her first appearance on the London stage, Oct. 2d, 1805, at Drury Lane, as Lady Townley, in "The Provoked Husband;" made her first appearance on the American stage, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Isabella in the tragedy of that name.

Mrs. Bartley's talents, even in her own opinion, were not duly appreciated, and feeling mortified, that with her great talents she could not obtain the favor of the public, remarked in the green-room, that as turkeys were so abundant, the American Standard should be changed, and a turkey substituted for the eagle. Mrs. Powell dryly replied, that by the same rule, the British lion should give place to a donkey, as asses were the most numerous class of animals in Great Britain.

Mrs. Bartley was the best reader of Shakespeare, technically speaking, on the American stage, with the exception of Charlotte Cushman. She returned to England and died there.

MR. AUSTIN.

BORN in London; made his *debut* in Philadelphia, at the Walnut-street Theatre, April 25, 1839, for the benefit of Miss Emma Ince. He occasionally performed in the orchestra, while his wife sang and acted upon the stage. Some years ago he returned to England; when, on the death of his brother, Mr. A. came into possession of an immense estate, and became a member of Parliament. Mr. Austin was formerly an officer in the English service.

MRS. ELIZABETH AUSTIN.

BORN in England; had her early instructions in music from Mr. Gardiner. When her voice and powers became more developed, she was placed under the tuition of Lanza. Upon Lanza quitting the stage, she became a pupil of T. Cooke, the tutor of Ellen Tree. She first attracted notice in Dublin, where she played for a considerable time, and acquired a high reputation as a vocalist. In 1822 she was engaged at Drury-lane, and made her *debut* as Rosetta, in "Love in a Village." Her success was complete and undoubted. After the close of the Drury-lane season, she was engaged at the English Opera House; from thence she went to the continent, and became the pupil of the celebrated Hammell; and shortly after appeared on the French stage. In 1826 we find her again performing at Drury-lane. When Mr. Wemyss was in England securing talent for the Chestnut, he engaged this lady, and she crossed the Atlantic in 1837. Made her *debut* on the American stage, December 10th, as Rosetta, at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. In January, 1828, she made her *debut* in New York, at the Park Theatre, and produced there originally, the English opera of "Cinderella;" made her first appearance in Boston, at the Tremont Theatre.

Mrs. A. was celebrated for her beauty and graceful manners. Although her voice was not strong, yet its tones were extremely sweet and clear, and the facility with which she executed the most difficult passages, imparted a graceful ease to her execution, which even at its highest stretch was unembarrassed by the appearance of effort. Her person was engaging, graceful, and delicate, and her features *petite*, animated, and pretty. She returned to England, and, shortly after, by the death of a brother-in-law, came into possession of an immense estate, and retired from the profession.

SIG. SESTO BENEDETTI.

MADE his first appearance on the American stage at the Astor-Place Opera House, New York, in September, 1848. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, October 4, 1848, as Pollione, in "Norma."

On Monday night, November 29, 1848, a scene "not on the bills" came off at the Opera House, New York, as follows:—Sig. B. sent for Mr. Fry, during the first act of Lucrezia, and informed him that he would not sing Pollione, in "Norma," on the following Friday, because Madame Laborde had made herself ridiculous in "Norma," and was not a fit person to sing with artists. Fry immediately went before the curtain and stated what Sig. B. had said. The audience loudly applauded the manager, and as loudly hissed Benedetti upon his appearance in the second act.

Upon meeting Mr. Fry, he commenced at once abusing him—saying that he had stated to the public what was not true. Upon this, Fry immediately laid down his hat, and planted a right-hander in the face of the handsome tenor. The affront, however, was compromised, and Benedetti promised to sing on Friday.

On Friday evening another scene was enacted between the audience and Sig. Benedetti. The house was crowded.

The curtain rose and the first song was sung; on the appearance of Benedetti as Pollione, he was met by a storm of hisses and hootings, accompanied by solos on that beautiful instrument, the cat-call. This was renewed at every effort on the part of the singer to commence his part, interspersed with cries of "off, off," "go on," "*l'apologie a Laborde.*" This lasted for about ten minutes, during which time Benedetti stood with arms folded and his eyes flashing with anger. At a pause in the uproar, he advanced to the front of the stage and evinced a desire to speak. The opportunity was finally granted him, and he said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen—I have come here to sing for you tonight; shall I sing or not?" Cries of "no, no," "yes, yes," followed, the hissing was renewed with increased vigor, and the curtain fell. After a few minutes, during which there were cries for Laborde, Mr. Fry came before the curtain, when the hisses were changed into applause, and great cheering, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. As soon as the confusion had in some measure abated, he addressed the audience in the following words:—

"Ladies and gentlemen—Mr. Benedetti is now before you in the character of Pollione. It is, therefore, evident that he has reconsidered his determination, and no longer refuses to sing that part. He has also publicly apologised to Madame Laborde. May I not, therefore, suggest that disapprobation with regard to his conduct, has been already sufficiently manifested, and request, as a personal favor, that he may be permitted to go on with his part?

"The difficulties of a private nature which exist between Mr. Benedetti and myself may be, and will be, settled elsewhere, of the stage. I did not, on Wednesday night, introduce into my remarks anything concerning these private difficulties, but confined myself to the matters in which the audience were interested, and with which they had a right to be made acquainted. I again respectfully request that the friends of the opera will allow Mr. Benedetti to proceed."

This speech was followed by a burst of applause, which nearly shook the building. A considerable time elapsed before the curtain rose, during which there existed the greatest excitement. Loud cries were uttered for Laborde, Coit, Gerard, music, &c., and from the third tier, shouts for "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "Dan Tucker," "O Susanna," "Carry me Back," &c. The delay was caused by Signor Benedetti having resumed his street dress, under the impression that he had been banished from the stage. To fill up the time, the orchestra played "Hail Columbia." On his re-appearance there was but little hissing, and he was allowed to proceed. He exerted himself to the utmost, and we never heard him acquit himself better, or more to the satisfaction of the audience, who gave him such distinguished marks of approbation as his ability as a singer called for.

The entrance on the stage of Madame Laborde, as Norma, was a signal for really frantic applause, which continued for some minutes, and then the performance was allowed to proceed without any further interruption.

Madame Laborde's personation was a perfect piece of tragic acting, most emphatically contradicting the assertions of some that she is only equal to such parts as Adina; the most decided marks of approbation followed every effort.

She was called out at the close of every act, together with Signorina Patti and Benedetti after the third, when a little incident occurred which elicited much applause. As they were retiring, some one threw a bouquet at Benedetti's feet which he picked up and most politely presented to Madame Laborde, who received it, and attempted to divide it with Signorina Patti, but unfortunately it was too strongly made up. At the close of the fourth act, being loudly called for, Madame Laborde, Signori Benedetti and Valtellina appeared before the curtain, when, at the suggestion of Valtellina, Benedetti offered to Madame Laborde his hand in token of friendship, which, she, with much dignity and great propriety, refused, as he had not yet made any personal apology to her for his insult.

The manifestation of feeling that evening was most gratifying, as it proved conclusively that the public will not tolerate capri-

ciousness or envy in an artist, however eminent, however much a favorite; and it afforded a lesson which artists who are inclined to be rebellious, yet lack a good reason for being so, would do well to ponder. As regards Mr. Fry, it was in every sense an ample vindication both of his position as manager, and of his conduct in that capacity—an evidence, also, that he would be thoroughly sustained, and that so far as public opinion can correct those who are, or who profess willingly to be subject to it, the correction will be administered without stint, when needed.

In May, 1850, Sig Benedetti was united in marrige to Signorina Truffi, at Boston, Mass.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

July 15.—R. Travers and Patsy Reardon—£100 a side, at 10st 2lb, Home circuit.
21.—Dan Crutchley and Tom Allen—£25 a side, at 9st 10lb, Midland district.
22.—George Leach and Jem Paul—£15 a side, at 9st 8lb, Cheltenham.
29.—H. Burgess and Patsy Marley—£50 a side, Liverpool.
Aug. 5.—Jack Brookes and Tiny Tom—£25 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.
5—Jerry Regan and Barney Regan—£10 a side.
19.—Young Dove and J. Jones—£25 a side, 8st 8lb, Home Circuit.
26.—Peter Morris and Young Holden—£50 a side, 8st, Home circuit.
Nov. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

From the Sporting Life, July 1.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jem Mace and Tom King.—£400 and the Champion's Belt.—It is now drawing very close to the appointed time for another instalment of £15 a side to be placed in the stakeholder's hands; and, from our knewledge of the intentions and aspirations of the men, we can (bar accidents of importance) guarantee that both mean fighting. We saw King at Hampton, when he looked fresher and better than he had been for some time, and he assures us that he will shortly be thoroughly well. When money matters are fairly in train, he will for a short time "star" in the Provinces, previous to going into his usual strict training. The Champion has commenced on his own hook, a circus, for which his advertisement states he has, at great expense, secured the services of 250 men and horses. Of course, as Jem can and will train most carefully, he will remain with his establishment as long as it is prudent. The match already causes rather more interest than is usual at such an early period of the affair, and promises in interest to rival all previous encounters. The next place of deposit has to be named to-morrow, (Thursday,) at Nat Langham's, the Mitre, St. Martin's lane.

The second deposit of £15 a side (making £40 a side now down) was duly posted with the final stakeholder according to the articles. There was a large muster of the friends and admirers of pugilism assembled at "Ould Nat's" on Thursday evening, July 3, to witness the staking of the deposit for the forthcoming fight for the Championship. During the evening, King dropped in, and waited until the usual hour, but Mace did not show a head. There was a slight inclination to wager on the result, the backers of King requiring odds, which, from the closeness of their previous encounter, Mace's supporters said they were not justified in laying, so therefore no speculation took place. King improves in his looks daily, and as he will shortly start to fulfil his engagement with Ginnett's Circus, we shall not have it in our power to state more about the movements of the youthful athlete until he goes strictly into training. Jem Mace was at the Raglan Music Hall last evening, to show his belt and cups, for the benefit of an old friend, Henry Russell, the trombone-player, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm.—*Sporting Life, July* 5.

SHARP ENCOUNTER IN THE MIDLAND DISTRICT,
At Catch Weight, for £10.

After the lapse of some six weeks, the favorite sport of the Brums was again revived on Monday, June 30, in the persons of Joe Hunt and Bill Evans, two novices well spoken of for their known bruising qualities. At a very early hour, a start was effected for Bromford, some few miles out of Birmingham. Long, however, before reaching that spot, two of the blue coated fraternity were seen in the distance, bringing up the rear of the cavalcade, and putting a stop to any further proceedings. Under these circumstances, an adjournment was rendered necessary, and a move to Beggar's Bush, near Oscott, was at once made; but still these peace preservers would doggedly persevere in spoiling the sport, and continued in the wake. The leading pugs, however, by dint of animal locomotion, arrived at the spot, leaving the blues far behind, and thus the event was carried off without further molestation. The scenery through which both man and beast had to pass was lovely in the extreme, the fresh mown hay and refreshing breezes from the fields, so richly carpeted with Nature's beauties, bringing an invigorating charm that must be fully appreciated by the sons of toil in the hardware village. But to digress no further—on arriving at the second *rendezvous*, some seven miles from Bromford, the first halt, a ring was quickly formed, and the men bounded in simultaneously, Hunt, by far the bigger man of the two, standing some 5 feet 10½ inches, and weighing a good stone over his opponent, looked somewhat fleshy, but a formidable task for an amateur to subdue, while Evans (Jack Rooke's Novice) was nearly the height of his rival, but considerably more lankey in appearance, looking more like a runner than a fighter. At this stage of the proceedings, 6 to 4 was offered on Evans, and after a friendly shake of the hands, they prepared for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. After a little sparring, Hunt led off with a stinger on the right eye, which caused a deep incision, thus winning the first event, which advantage he followed up with a spanking hit on the ivories, causing a further supply. Evans, in the meantime, was not idle, as he cleverly got on repeatedly, but without effect, his blows evidently lacking the requisite force. They now fought to a close, when Evans went down. Betting, which was 6 to 4 on Evans at the commencement) now veered round to 2 to 1 on Hunt.

2. Both well up to the call of time. Evans exhibiting visible signs of his opponent's mischievous tactics, and being evidently riled, tried to turn the tables in his favor, but was unable, as Hunt performed in a similar manner as in the previous round, when they fought to a close, and both down.

3. All in favor of Hunt, who, on facing his man, planted a terrific left-hander on the jaw, which sent Evans to mother earth, amidst vociferous cheers from the partizans of Hunt, who, although in the minority, were very spirited, and gave every encouragement to their man, which appeared to invigorate him greatly, as he took a more decided lead even than before, and any odds could now be had on him.

4. Evans came up gamely, but only to be receiver-general, as his bigger opponent, who is certainly a good left-handed fighter, administered heavily with his favorite left, with scarcely any return, when he finished by putting the hug on Evans, who cleverly got out of danger by going down.

5. After a few good exchanges, Evans again down.

6. Some good exchanges again, all in favor of Hunt, who appeared to have the game all in his own hands, as, up to this time, he showed scarcely any punishment, while Evans' visage was much disfigured. Evans down as usual.

7. Evans, who appeared to have recruited his strength, now tried all in his power to turn the tide in his favor, and, by a well-directed blow on the chest, straight from the shoulder, sent his man to grass, and thus revived the hopes of his friends and backers, who, however, were doomed to disappointment.

8. As the men faced each other, the flushed and swollen state of Evans' *os frontis* contrasted strongly with the comparatively composed state of his adversary. After a little cautious sparring on the part of Evans, he received on the chest and face, and his opponent succeeded in throwing him heavily and falling on him, after which the contest may be said to have been virtually over, as Evans grew rapidly weaker, and was only fruitlessly (but nevertheless, very gamely,) protracting the struggle.

9 and 10. Very short, and similar in effect to the foregoing.

11. After a few counters, fearfully against Evans, his backers seeing that his chance was hopeless, humanely threw up the sponge, but the brave fellow would persist in having another shy; as he fought two more rounds, when, from sheer exhaustion and the heavy punishment he had received, he was obliged to succumb. Time, 22 min. The attendance was unusually large, the day beautifully fine, and the finish highly satisfactory, especially as their old friends, the "blues," came up just in time to be too late for the fun.

REMARKS.

We cannot withhold our meed of praise to Evans for the game way in which he fought throughout. It must, however, be admitted that both have much to learn before they can expect to rise to anything like a position in the P. R. Hunt, by the comparatively easy victory he won, has risen much in the estimation of his backers, who talk of matching him with Brettle's old opponent, Jack Rooke, but we would recommend him not to fly at too high game before gaining additional experience.

Mill in Norfolk.—On Friday morning, June 27, a gallant fight took place between Jack Paine, a well-known professor of pugilism, and G. Jary, a young aspirant for fistic honors. An early start being necessary, the two combatants entered the ring about six o'clock, A. M, attended by their respective seconds, &c., and commeneed

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men put themselqes into an admirable attitude, each having his left hand well forward, and the right well across the chest. After a little feinting and dodging, the young 'un let fly a terrific right-hander between the old 'uns eyes, which sent him to grass. First blood and first knock-down claimed for George.

2. After some little sparring, and a few exchanges, the young 'un again succeeded knocking the old 'un off his legs by a slashing left-hand blow on the old spot. 6 to 1 on George but no takers.

3. The old 'un came to the scratch full of pluck, but evidently suffering from the effects of presious rounds. He tried to turn the scale in his favor, and got a few blows home on George's ribs, but was again sent to grass by a heavy blow on the nose by George's right hand.

4 and last. On the men facing each other it was plain that Jack had no chance with his younger opponent, but he struggled manfully, and again got home on the ribs, and also stopped George's right; but in getting together again, George sent out a regular shooter with his right, which again knocked Paine clean off his legs. On being brought to the scratch, he was deaf to the call of time, and George was declared the winner after fighting twenty minutes.

REMARKS.

It was as clear as noon day that the old 'un had not the least chance from the beginning. The fearful onslaughts of the young 'un completely bewildered him, thus confirming the old adage, "Youth will be served." Paine is not a young man—far from it. George is about twenty years old, and will prove a troublesome customer to any one that comes in his way. He is also a very well-behaved young man.

Merry Mill between Young Collins and Tom Frost, for £10.—On Monday, June 30, a very tidy mill took place in the home circuit, between a couple of novices, for £5 a side, of the names of J. Collins, of Cardiff, and T. Frost, of Millwall. Both are mere lads. After a ride by rail, a trip by water was taken. The ring being very soon pitched, Collins entered, attended by George Crocket and Dick Lambert, Frost retaining the services of Harry Morris and Marlow Coates. At five minutes past two, the lads commenced proceedings, and fought in a most game and determined manner for exactly half an hour, when Frost was found by his seconds to have no chance, and the sponge was thrown up in token of his defeat, after fighting twenty-five rounds. Neither displayed any vast amount of judgment or precision, but that was made up for by the pace and spirit displayed on both sides.

Jack Hicks and James Gollagher, £100 a side, at 9st.—The deposits between these men have been made as they became due, and the next is to be made at Mr. W. Wand's, Greenwich, on Thursday, July 10.

Alf Simpson (*alias* The Countryman,) and Caggy Wilson are matched to fight, at catch weight, for £5 a side, on Monday, July 21, within ten miles of home.

The Welsh Champion's Benefit.—On Monday, June 20th, Dan Thomas, the celebrated Welsh Champion, made a public appeal to his Birmingham friends, and the large attendance (numbering close upon 2,000 persons) must have been highly gratifying to him, as no appeal in Birmingham, for a length of time, has been so completely successful. The performance commenced with sparring, and the first couple to show were Dick Fellows and Fred Fisher, who had four scientific and pretty bouts. Peter Morris and the veteran Bowey Taylor next engaged in a mimic battle, Peter highly amusing his audience with his clever tactics. Dan Crutchley and the Brighton Doctor next put on the mittens, and afforded a very artistic display of the noble art. Caggy Wilson and Mick Foley next followed in succession, and, from the plaudits of the assembled throng, they must have delighted the company, as they went into business tooth and nail. They were quickly followed by Jack Rooke and Joe Goss, who made a very good set-to, and were succeeded by Gollagher and Jack Fox, who gave the public a great treat, the wind-up being between our host, Dan, and his old opponent, Joe Nolan, who showed many fine points of attack and defence, and concluded the evening's pugilistic sport. There was also a 440 yards handicap race, confined to pugilists, for which Dan gave first prize, a silver watch; second, 10s.; third. 5s., for which the following men contended: Jack Rooke, 29 yards' start; Tom Lane, 25, which was won by Tom, Jack giving in at half distance. Heat 2: Dan Crutchley, 17, walked over; Jack Parkinson, Ike Atkins, and Posh Price, who had accepted, did not start. Heat 3: Peter Morris, 17, Dan Thomas, 16; won by Peter, after a good race, by three yards. Heat 4: Nobby Hall, 10; Mickey Gannon, 16; this was a good race, Hall winning by a very short distance. Heat 5: Joe Wareham, 10; Tom Allen, 12; H. Crutchley, 25; this race excited much interest, Joe Wareham being a great favorite. At half distance they ran foul of each other, and Crutchley's chance was destroyed by his being heavily thrown. A well contested race now ensued between Joe and Allen, the latter of which, at the finish, came in first by some yards. A reasonable time having elapsed, the bell rang for the final heat, when Peter Morris, Nobby Hall, and Tom Allen (Tom Lane and Dan Crutchley not answering to call) started, and a good race ensued, Allen coming in first, Wareham second, and Peter third. The arrangements throughout were highly satisfactory.

Death by Accident of Bob Brettle's Wife.—Bob Brettle, the much respected landlord of the White Lion, Birmingham, on Saturday, June 28, accompanied by his wife, was returning home in a trap, along the Bristol road, Mrs. Brettle having her child in her arms, when, Mr. Brettle's attention being drawn to a party of ladies in a hay-field, his horse slipped and fell, and the whole party were precipitated into the road, the infant escaping unhurt, Bob with only a few bruises, but Mrs. Brettle's injuries were of that serious character that she died on Tuesday morning from the effects. The grief of Brettle at his bereavement is poignant in the extreme, as he has ever been much attached to his wife, his home, and family.

James (*alias* Ginger) and Tierney.—The fight between these men, which was fixed for Tuesday, July 1st, did not come off, in consequence of James being apprehended, and bound over to keep the peace for six months, so that the affair stands in abeyance for the present. Much disappointment has been evinced, and loud manifestations of suspicion as to the conduct of James have not escaped wind out of doors.

Bob Travers and Patsy Reardon, £100 a side, at 10st 2lb.—This match, which creates some great excitement amongst the followers of the P. R., is drawing to a close, as all the money is down, with the exception of the final deposit of £35 a side, which was to be staked on Wednesday, July 9, at Mr. W. Ward's, Greenwich. The weighing takes place the day before fighting, at George Brown's, Barbican.

AQUATICS.

THAMES GRAND NATIONAL REGATTA.

This aquatic event was inaugurated on Monday June 30, under the auspices of the Thames Subscription Club, and resulted in excellent sport, and it passed off with considerable *eclat*. A number of prominent earsmen of Great Britain contended for the various prizes. As it would occupy too much space, we are only able to give the details of the prominent races.

The first event was a four oared race for prizes of £30, £8 and £4, and resulted in the Hammersmith crew winning the first, Lambeth crew the second, and Western crew the third.

The second event was for Watermen's Apprentices, in outrigged boats. Open to apprentices from Oxford to Gravesend, inclusive. First prize, coat, silver badge, freedom, and £2; second prize, £5; third prize, £3. J. W. Tagg won the first prize, G. Sheppard the second, and J. Cullas the third.

The third event was a pair-oared race, in one heat, open to the world. First prize, £25; second, £10; third, £5.

1..E. Winship and R. Chambers, Newcastle.......White 1
2..H. Kelley and W. Bell, Putney and Richmond.......Red 2
3..H. Clasper and J. H. Clasper, Newcastle.......Blue 3

Kelley and Bell were away first, but did not hold their position for any length of time. Winship and Chambers, as soon as they lay down to their work, taking the lead, and a good race ensued to the London Boat-house, where Chambers and Winship were nearly clear, a good race taking place between the Claspers' and Kelley's crews up to the Point, where the former ran into a boat, and became last. The positions of the contendiug boats were not altered during the remainder of the distance, Chambers and Winship being easy winners from Kelley and Bell, who were well in advance of the Claspers.

The fourth event was a Watermen's Apprentices race, in old-fashioned boats, with saxboards and in three straikes, open to apprentices from Oxford to Gravesend, inclusive. First prize, coat, silver badge, freedom, and £2; second, £5; and third, £3. H. Cole won the first prize, T. Heath the second, and R. Lamming the third.

The fifth event, which was first on the list for the following day, was the Metropolitan Tradesmen's four-oared race. First of the deciding heats. The first boat in each of the first and second heats will contend in the third heat for the first prize, and the beaten crews of all the heats, having rowed the entire course, will start in the fourth heat for the second and third prizes. The following are the summaries of the third and final heats:

2..Lambeth Crew; E. Carter, A. Hopkins, J. Chapman, R. Bain, (stroke,) I. Hill, (cox).......Yellow 1
1..Western Crew; Hammersmith; M. Beckett, T. Rust, C. Gibson, T. Worsencroft (stroke,) T. Gibbs (cox).......Pink 2

After one false start, Bain's crew got away with a slight advantage, and gradually drew away, so that they were three lengths clear at the London Boat-house, and increased their lead to such an extent that they nearly left off rowing, and paddled the remainder of the distance, diversified now and then with a spurt, and finally won by eight boats' lengths.

The final heat, for second and third prizes:

3..Temple Crew; W. Spencer, G. Barnes, J. Fricker, J. M'Quire (stroke), R. Cook (cox).......Black 1
4..Fulham Crew; G. Adams, C. Culver, J. Hester, R. Langston (stroke), J. Mansell (cox).......Green 2
3..Western Crew: Hammersmith; M. Beckett, T. Rust, C. Gibson, T. Worsencroft (stroke), G. Gibbs (cox).......Pink 3
2..Rory O'More Crew; G. Cooper, C. Moore, J. Benny, H. Freshwater (stroke), W. Innes (cox)..Red, white sleeves 0

A level start was effected, Red took the lead and held it to the botton of the Ait, where Green went up and took the lead, followed by Black and Pink, Green, who rowed well, went through Hammersmith Bridge just leading. Shortly after they all became level, and continued so to the Point, when they changed positions alternately untill nearing the Crab Tree, where Black rowed into first position, followed by Green, then Pink, and Red and White fourth. The race continued the same all the way down, when Black won by about a length; Green second, a length and a half before Pink. Red and White stopped at the Point.

The sixth event was a Sculling Race, open to the world, with the exception of the present Champion of the Thames. First prize, £20; second prize, £10; third prize, £5. The first two boats in each trial heat will row in the grand heat.

FIRST HEAT.

1..G. Everson, Greenwich.......Red and White 1
3..E. Eagers, Chelsea.......Red 2
2..J. Mackinney, Richmond.......Blue 3
4..C. Turner, Rotherhithe.......Green 0

After a level start, Everson soon came to the front, with Mackinney and Eagers in close attendance, but Everson showed such extraordinary rowing power that he was a length clear at the London Boat-house, Mackinney second, Eagers nearly level with him; Turner a long way astern. After passing the Point and nearing the Crab Tree, Eagers rowed up to Mackinney, and held a good lead of him to the Soap-works, where Mackinney spurted, and went a little way up Eager's stern, but dying away, left off rowing, and the race was won by Everson passing through the bridge three lengths in advance of Eagers; Mackinney a bad third; Turner nowhere.

SECOND HEAT.

2..G. Drewett, Chelsea.......Yellow 1
1..R. Cooper, Newcastle.......Pink 2
3..G. Hammerton, Kingston.......White 3
4..T. Crout, Woolwich.......Black and White 0

Immediately after the start, Hammerton came out, followed by Drewett and Cooper; Crout last. After a few strokes, Cooper rowed with great determination through the lumpy water, and opposite Simmonds's went into the first position; Hammerton and Drewett nearly level, half a length astern. Opposite the London Boat-house, Cooper had increased his lead to a length. Drewett soon passed Hammerton, and gradually gained upon Cooper, and became level with him opposite Craven Cottage, Hammerton being a length behind; Crout a long way astern. The leading couple rowed scull and scull across, until opposite the Crab Tree, when Drewett gained a trifle, and led at the Soap-works, finally winning by half a length; Hammerton about a couple of lengths astern; Crout nowhere.

FINAL HEAT.

3..R. Cooper, Newcastle.......Pink 1
1..E. Eagers, Chelsea.......Red 2
2..G. Drewett, Chelsea.......Yellow 3
4..G. Everson, Greenwich.......Red and White 4

A level start was effected, but Cooper and Everson soon showed to the fore, followed by Drewett and Eagers, who passed Drewett, and rowed into third place. The same order continued past the Soap-works, where Cooper was just leading, Everson second, Eagers third; Drewett well up. At the Crab Tree, Everson left off rowing, and was passed by both Eagers and Drewett. Cooper still led, but Eagers, who was rowing extraordinarially well, drew upon Cooper, and overlapped his stern. A fine and determined race ensued throughout the remainder of the distance, Cooper winning by only half a length; Drewett six lengths astern.

The seventh event was a champion four-oared race, open to the world. First prize, £100; second, £20; third, £10; in one heat.

1. Clasper's crew, Newcastle: J. H. Clasper, E. Winship, R. Chambers, H. Clasper (stroke); R. Clasper (cox)....White 1
2. London crew: J. Tagg, Walter Bell, J. Mackinney, H. Kelley (stroke); J. Mackinney (cox).......Red 2
3. Hammersmith crew: J. Holder, T. Hoare, jun., T. Hoare, G. Green (stroke), T. Green (cox).......Green 3

After a level start, the London crew showed in front, followed by the Claspers crew, and they held the lead until opposite the Star and Garter, where the North-countrymen came up, and a good race ensued between the leading pair up to the London boat-house, where the Claspers showed up three feet in advance, which was increased to half a length at the middle of the Cricket-field. Nearing Craven Point, the North-countrymen had drawn their boat clear; and, despite all the game spurts of the London crew, held the same advantage until the Dung-wharf, where the Claspers went across too soon, and by so doing, let up Kelley's crew to within half their own boat; the same order continued until they reached the Surrey side, where the Claspers were just their own boat clear, which was from time to time decreased. As they neared the Soap-works, the Claspers again rowed out, and by so doing, let up Kelley's crew inside, but they could not overhaul the cannie Northerners, who passed under Hammersmith Bridge, leading by three parts of a clear length; the Hammersmith, who had rowed very well, six lengths astern. The Claspers held the same lead past Hammersmith Mall, and through Chiswick Ait, where Kelley's crew gamely answered to every call of the coxswain, and finished with so game an effort, that the Newcastle *invincibles* only landed the victory by three strokes, or rather less than a clear length.

T. HOARE AND E. EAGERS,

Scullers' Race, from Putney to Mortlake, for £50.

There was a large muster of the followers of aquatic sports at Putney, on Saturday, June 28, to witness the scullers' race, for £25 a side, between Thomas Hoare, of Hammersmith, and Edward Eagers, of Chelsea, the distance to be rowed being the full distance of the metropolitan course—viz., from Putney to a boat moored off the Ship, at Mortlake. Both men, from their previous performances, bear a very high reputation, each having met and defeated young J. H. Clasper, as well as having in turn been defeated by him. Thomas Hoare, who is about twenty years of age, and weighs 8st 7lb, is a waterman's apprentice, at Hammersmith. He first brought himself into notice prominently, from the easy manner in which he defeated J. H. Clasper, at the Grand National Regatta last year, for the Coat and Badge, 4 to 1 on Clasper being laid with eagerness. This achievement found him plenty of friends, who wished him at once to make a match without further delay, but fortunately he had better advisers, who persuaded him to lay by until at least the spring time of the present year. Hoare trained at Hammersmith, and so good did his form prove after some practice, that whispers were heard that he would prove something out of the common way. He rowed in a boat built by Biffen, of Hammersmith, the well-known builder of racing boats. Edward Eagers, a resident of Chelsea and a waterman, is some years the senior of Hoare, being about twenty-five years of age, and 8st 7lb in weight. He has beaten Clasper twice, the last time being in 1860, at the Thames National Regatta for the Coat and Badge, when Eagers won the trophy. His next race was a victory over Tagg, who led to Hammersmith Bridge, where Eagers endeavored to pass, and a succession of fouls ensued throughout the race. At the conclusion, the referee decided in favor of Eagers, who had a rest until a match was made with Young Clasper, for £50 a side, which took place from Putney to Mortlake, on July 16, 1861, when a foul occurred after crossing over. Eagers from this time went in front, and led the remainder of the distance, but, on an appeal to the judge, he decided in Clasper's favor. Since then he has had no match until the present, which was originally fixed for July 7, and moved forward, so that it might not clash with Henley-upon-Thames Regatta. Eagers trained at Harry Kelley's, Putney, and stated he had never been in such trim for rowing before. He rowed in a new boat, built by Mr. Simmonds, of Putney. The betting for some days before the race was 5 and 6 to 4 on Hoare—from the fine time he had been making in some of his trial trips—which was freely taken by some of the immediate friends of Eagers. Shortly before the race, the betting was 5 to 4 on the Hammersmith man, and immediately before the start a few bets were laid, at 6 to 4. Previous to the men going to their stations, the side had to be tossed for, which was won by Eagers. Mr. Biffen was umpire for Hoare, T. Mackinney for Eagers, Geo. Hammerton being referee. No time was now lost in the men getting to their station, Eagers taking the Middlesex side, and having Harry Kelley in the bow of the cutter, to steer him up. The same duty for Hoare was performed by J. Gibbs, (Chuckham), of Hammersmith, who occupied a similar position to Kelley in another cutter. The wind at the time was blowing stiffly from the west. When both had taken off their superfluous clothing, they were found to be in beautiful condition, and fit for any struggle on the river. There was very little manœuvring for the start, and at five minutes to two they commenced

THE RACE.

Almost at the first attempt they got off, Eagers taking a trifling lead, when Hoare, on steadying himself, rowed up to and passed Eagers as if he was standing still, and so well and fast was Hoare rowing that he was leading by at least three parts of a length opposite the Star and Garter. From here to Simmond's, Eagers appeared to gain slightly, but it was more evident on nearing the London Rowing Club Boat-house, as he had decreased his opponent's lead to only half a length. Past Finch's Field, Hoare was rowing beautifully, and, increasing his advantage, was leading by a clear length at Craven Cottage, soon making his lead into a couple of lengths. Eagers was rowing prettily, but did not appear to have been able to lay hold of his boat to his liking, yet he still kept trying to overhaul his speedy opponent, evidently relying on his well-known staying qualities to pull him through. Hoare now went across for the Surrey shore. Eagers, however, was not taken across the river so suddenly, and Kelley, thinking Chuckham had made an error, called upon the "Chelsea Hero" for a spurt, which was gamely and honestly responded to, so that passing the dung-wharf they appeared, at the first glance to be level, but rowing very wide. Kelley now took Eagers across, and the men were again together, passing the Crab Tree, where Hoare held an advantage of three clear lengths, which was increased to five lengths by Hoare putting on a fine spurt. Eagers tried all that nature would allow to alter the state of affairs, but without avail, as Hoare passed under Hammersmith Bridge leading by half a dozen lengths, the time taken in accomplishing the distance having been 10 min. 35 sec., Hoare as he passed opposite the Mall and his training quarters again, "put it on" for some time, and made such another gap between them that the previous lead was increased to ten when Chiswick Waterworks were reached. From Hammersmith Bridge to the top of Chiswick Ait, Eagers pulled away like a Trojan, and now and again raised the fallen hopes of his friends by answering to each of Kelley's calls, but only for a time, as Hoare was rowing remarkably easy and neatly. From the top of the Ait, through Corney Reach, there was severe left-handed labor, which caused Hoare to cross over rather soon, he being such a distance in front, his cutter was of no use to him, the conditions being that both cutters were to be astern of the second man. From this portion of the contest, Hoare rowed easily, and Eagers, with great determination, passed the Bull's Head, &c., up to the ship, at Mortlake; but Hoare, pursuing the even tenor of his way, went on and won by about eight clear boats' lengths, in 27 min. 5 sec, against a strong wind and not much tide. The performance is a most creditable one to Hoare, who is the most promising youth of his age that has appeared on the river Thames for some years.

THE BRITISH TURF.

TEN BROECK AGAIN A WINNER.

At the Hampshire meetings, on the Stockbridge Course, we perceive, by our late foreign advices, that Mr. Ten Broeck's Evenhand, ridden by Fordham, won in a selling stakes race, on July 2, of which the following are the particulars:—

A Plate of 50 sovs; two year olds, 7st; three, 8st 9lb; four, 9st; five and upwards, 9st 2lb; the winner to be sold for £300; if for £200, allowed 6lb; £100, 10lb; from the Bush in (about five furlongs).

Mr R Ten Broeck's Evenhand, by Mildew—Contraction, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb (£100).......G Fordham 1
Capt Little's ns Jack's Alive, by Sweetmeat—Lady Gay Spanker, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100).......J Daley 2
Duke of Beaufort's ns Duchess of Kingston, by Kingston—Countess, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100).......Deacon 3
Sir W Coddington ns c by Vidette—Ellen Percy, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100).......S Adams 4
Mr Astley's Mountaineer, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb (£200).......J Grimshaw 5
Mr Y King's Misletoe, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100).......Watkins 6

Betting: Even on Evenhand, 3 to 1 agst Jack's Alive, 7 to 1 agst the Ellen Percy colt, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Some delay was caused by the breaking away of Evenhand and Mountaineer, who on two several occasions ran some distance before they were stopped. When the signal was given, Evenhand rushed to the front, followed by Jack's Alive and the Ellen Percy colt. Coming down the hill, the favorite had all his horses beaten, and won very easily by a length; a bad third. The winner was bought by Mr. Payne for 320 guineas.

On the following day, Mr. Ten Broeck's Double Pas ran fourth in a sweepstakes, as per the annexed summary:—

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 30 added; two year olds, 7st 7lb; three, 8st 11lb; four, 9st 2lb; five and upwards, 9st 5lb; selling allowances, &c.; half a mile.

Mr John Day's True Blue, by Newminster, dam by Galaor, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (£60).......Judd 1
Mr W Day's Surbiton Hill, by Kingston—Stella, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (£60).......J Adams
Mr Payne's Neasham—Nightshade, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (£100).Drew 3
Mr Ten Broeck's Double Pas, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£60).......Murfett 4

Betting: Even on Surbiton Hill, 2 to 1 agst True Blue. The favorite made play in the middle of the course, with True Blue on the whip hand, the race being confined to the first two throughout. True Blue, however, had the best of it from the enclosure, and won by half a length; the Neasham filly a bad third. The winner was bought in for 165 guineas, but was afterwards sold privately for £200 to Lord Strathmore.

On the same day the Stockbridge Cup was run for, which almost fell to the lot of Mr. Ten Broeck, through the exertions of his American horse Maggiore. Fordham succeeded in securing second place, thereby saving the stake. It is a subject of remark how many times Fordham has ridden Ten Broeck's horses to that position during this season, as attentive readers of the Clipper will remember. The following is the summary of the Stockbridge Cup race:—

The Stockbridge Cup, value 200 sovs, by subscription of 10 sovs each; any surplus to go to the winner; two year olds, 7st; three, 8st 7lb; four, 8st 12lb; five, six, and aged, 9st 11lb; m and g allowed 3lb; certain penalties; the second to save his stake; seven furlongs on the New Mile, 31 subs.

Mr C Alexander's Thunderbolt, by Stockwell—Cordelia, 5 yrs, 9st 13lb.......E Sharpe 1
Mr R Ten Broeck's Maggiore, by Lecomte—Evergreen (American), 5 yrs, 7st 12lb.......Fordham 2
Sir J Hawley's Asteroid, by Stockwell—Teetotum, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb.......Wells 3
Mr W Day's Repose, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb.......J Adams 0
Mr Gully's Daniel O'Connell, by Daniel O'Rourke—Sister to Elcho's dam, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb.......Judd 0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Asteroid, 2 to 1 agst Maggiore, 5 to 2 agst Thunderbolt. Daniel O'Connell jumped off with the lead, but on arriving at the top of the hill he bolted to the left, in the direction of the ground over which he is trained, and took no further part in the race. Repose was left in possession of the lead, with Asteroid in the centre, and Thunderbolt, pulling double, next him, Maggiore close up. Coming down the hill, Repose was beaten, and fell into the rear; in a stride or two further, Asteroid was in difficulties, and Thunderbolt and Maggiore had the finish to themselves, Mr. Alexander's horse going on and winning very easily by a length; Asteroid was a bad third, and neither Repose nor Daniel O'Connell passed the post.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Big Billiards.—An extraordinary feat at pyramids, authentically vouched for, was executed by an amateur, at King's Rooms, London, Eng., on the evening of June 13. The players were Mr. H. and Mr. S. Mr. S. commenced by playing at the right-hand corner ball with a little side to come down the table; in so doing, he slightly displaced the pyramid. Mr. H. started by holeing a ball in the right hand top corner, a very difficult hazard, and after an exhibition of hazard striking, coupled with position after every stroke perfectly marvellous, succeeded in holeing the fifteen balls in succession; thus performing a feat which happens once during a man's lifetime.

Quoits.—The exciting quoit match between Messrs Shaid and Church, against Messrs. Sciss and Gaster, was played on Monday evening, June 23, at the New Recreation Grounds, Stepney. A large muster of the friends of both parties were on the ground. Mr. Gaston having met with an accident, Mr. Teedsdell took his place in the game, which was most remarkably well contested throughout. Messrs. Church and Shaid were ultimately declared the winners, having obtained 61, the number of the game, their opponents having scored 59 when the umpire called the game. The winners met with a perfect ovation from their friends. A deal of money changed hands over the affair. It is expected another match will be played for a larger stake between the same men.

Death of a Famous Cricketer.—On June 21st, Popjoy, the famous Surrey cricketer, expired, in the 56th year of his age. His decease is much regretted by those who knew him.

Pyramid Pool.—On Monday, June 30, a match at pyramids took place at Brompton, between Dafton, of London, and Batchelor, of Brighton, the best of twenty-one games, for £10 a side. The players commenced at 8:30 P. M., Batchelor winning the first game by 1 ball; Mr. D. the second, making 9 balls in one break. D. also won the third and fourth games; B. the fifth, taking 11 balls in one break; D. the sixth, taking 10 balls in two breaks; B. the seventh, taking 8 balls in one break; B. the eighth by 1 ball only; B. the ninth; B. the tenth, by one ball only; also the eleventh, by 1 ball; B. the twelfth, by 5 balls, after Mr. D. going in three times; D. the thirteenth, by 3 balls; D, the fourteenth, taking 6 balls in one break; D. the fifteenth, taking 7 balls in a break; D. the 16th, making eight games all; B. the 17th, by 1 ball—a fluke at the finish; B. the eighteenth; D. nineteenth, taking 6 off again, B. taking 5 also in this game; D. the twentieth, making ten games all; Mr. B. won the twenty-first and last, after Mr. D. holeing himself when 3 love, which left Batchelor a break. The whole of the games were played in the short space of 2 hours and 15 min. Mr. D., not being satisfied with his defeat, agreed to play Mr. B. again on the following Thursday.

Novel Cricket Match.—A novel cricket match was to be decided at Newmarket, England, during the week ending July 12, the competitors being Mr. Jackson, the Leviathan of the North, and Alfred Diver, the celebrated cricketer. The conditions are, that Mr. Jackson lays £100 to £50, he playing at cricket with the usual-sized bat, whilst Diver is to protect his wicket with a broom-stick to be procured from Mr. Godding's training establishment. All the money has been posted, and even money is betted on the result.

Twenty-one Miles in Three Hours!—On the evening of July 4, articles were entered into for James Miles, of Brixton, to walk twenty-one miles in three consecutive hours, for £50 a side, a couple of gentlemen well known on the Turf backing time and the man. £10 a side is down, ard weekly deposits of the like amount have to be staked each Thursday until the whole of the money is made good. The match takes place on Monday, August 11, at Wandsworth. Miles, it would seem, is confident of winning, since from a most reliable source, we are informed that his backer has £5,000 on his betting-book that he (Miles) accomplishes the feat.

Sentenced.—Jim Hodgkiss, Posh Price, and Bodger Crutchley, were recently fined £5 each, and sentenced to seven days hard labor, for being present at Phelan and Allen's fight.

The Thomas and Nolan Match is likely to cause trouble, as Joe's friends won't find money for him to train again.

Badger Higgins was up for a benefit in London on the 14th. Is it *our* Badger?

Deerfoot and the Bull Fighter.—There was some talk in London of a match being made between Deerfoot, the Indian pedestrian, and Capt. Patten Saunders, the amateur pedestrian and bull fighter.

The Deerfoot Hippodrome Company has caved in, and everything has been sold out, including tent, calliope, horses, etc.

Badly Injured.—Jemmy Welsh had been so frightfully cut and bruised, that at one time it was feared he could not recover. It appears that while he was returning from Hampton Races, he saw a couple of policemen maltreating a woman; he interfered, and the policemen set upon him, clubbing him about the head most unmercifully.

Fowl Management.—Poultry need looking after, if we would keep them healthy and in good laying condition. If they are confined, the hen-house should be light, warm, airy, and dry. Anything but wet quarters for hens; and the more sunshine the better. Keep their apartments clean. Be regular in the time of feeding. Variety in diet should always be sought after.

Corn is always acceptable, and so is barley; refuse wheat, oats, boiled potatoes, and the like. An occasional picking of fresh meat is needed for laying hens; it is a partial substitute for the worms and insects which they get in the summer. Keep clear of salt meat, however; this is often hurtful, and sometimes fatal. Give them plenty of gravel, old plaster, broken oyster shells, or pounded bones, and supply fresh water to them regularly.

Whoever has an eye to the improvement of his flock by breeding, should take the matter in hand; a single year will accomplish a great deal. Examine the fowls from day to day, while they are feeding, and having fixed upon the best roosters and the best hens, put the others in the pot, as fast as wanted. Select the hens for their healthy, vigorous constitutions, large, well-formed bodies, bright eyes, and good combs.

"Early maturity," says a savan in hendom, "and good laying qualities must not be forgotten. The form is a good indication of the former, and also, to a certain extent, of the latter. If early maturity, beauty of form and refinement are carried too far, the tendency to lay eggs is supposed to be diminished." Decapitate restless, quarrelsome hens. Roosters should be chosen for their vigor, upright and valiant bearing, plump, strong bodies and legs.

The relative importance of the color of the legs, is in dispute. Some stand up for white or bluish legs, averring that they indicate delicacy of flesh; while others battle for yellow legs, claiming that they bear up the richest and most highly flavored meat. As for ourselves, we refuse to be a party in this strife, but if our table is supplied with a plenty of either color, we shall ever be profoundly thankful!

To do away with spectacles—Put your eyes out.

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Is now in the Fourth Week of one of the most
SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENTS EVER PLAYED IN BOSTON.
Managers will please address, until further notice,
E. B. WILLIAMS, Howard Atheneum, Boston,
14-2t* Agent for Miss Menken.

MINSTRELSY OUTDONE.
BOSTON MUSEUM
Will open for a short season, commencing
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 7th,
And continue every night until further notice.
MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
☞ 35 ☜
BRILLIANT STARS OF ETHIOPIAN DELINEATORS.
THE PEOPLE'S MAMMOTH CONCERTS.
GIGANTIC DOUBLE MINSTREL TROUPE.
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
GREAT ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,
OF TWELVE PIECES COMBINED,
Making the largest, most extensive, and complete
MINSTREL TROUPE EVER ORGANIZED,
Excelling and far superior to all other companies in existence. Look at the following
GREAT CONGRESS OF POPULAR TALENT:

J. E. GREEN,	COOL BURGESS,	CHARLEY REYNOLDS,
M. AINSLEY SCOTT,	GUSTAVE BIDEAUX,	JIMMY CLARK,
J. D. NEWCOMB,	J. KELK,	C. H. DUPREZ,
MASTER KENT,	C. A. BOYD.	J. E. BOWLES,
F. T. SPRUNG,	J. F. SULLIVAN,	W. H. LEWIS,
G. W. BAILEY,	W. THOMAS,	T. THORP,
D. WALSH,	G. LAPOINT,	G. POND,
J. B. DONNIKER,	W. E. FRENCH,	M. A. WILLIS,

SIGNOR MONTEVERDE,
THE GREAT SPANISH INDIA RUBBER MAN.
All under the direction of
DUPREZ & GREEN, Proprietors.
For full particulars, see the
GREATEST PROGRAMME EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.
After closing the season at the Boston Museum, this grand and never equalled combination of talent, will appear in the following Cities:
Lowell, July 21; Lawrence, 22; Haverhill, 23; Portland, 24 and 25; Portsmouth, 26; Salem, 28; Lynn, 29; New Bedford, 30 and 31; Providence, August 1 and 2.
CHARLES H. DUPREZ, Manager.
J. D. NEWCOMB, Business and Advertising Agent. 12-3t*

BOSTON MUSEUM.
FOX'S
RAVEL TROUPE,
Will commence a Four Weeks engagement at this establishment,
MONDAY, JULY 21st.
The Troupe comprise the following first class Artists:
MLLE MARIETTA ZANFRETTA,
A. M. HERNANDEZ,

MLLE MARIA ZOE,	MONS VELARDE,
MONS A. GROSSI,	MONS LEHMAN.
MONS F. SEGRIST,	MONS A. SEGRIST,
MR. B. YATES,	MONS P. RAVEL,
MR. JAMES PILGRIM,	MONS P. BERGER,
MR. W. DULANY,	MONS DEVERNI.

GRAND CORPS DE BALLET.
The celebrated
RAVEL PANTOMIMES.
NEW AND SPLENDID ATTRACTIONS
OF
EXTRAORDINARY BRILLIANCY
BY THE
COMBINATION OF STARS,
Who are acknowledged to be the
VERY BEST ARTISTS OF THE AGE.
14 JAMES PILGRIM, Business Manager.

BALTIMORE MUSEUM TO LET.—This old established and centrally located place of amusement is to let, by the night, week, or month, for *first class exhibitions only*. The MUSEUM is located on corner of Calvert and Baltimore streets, in the immediate vicinity of all the principal hotels, and is capable of seating 800 persons. The place is well stocked with scenery, and is now undergoing a thorough repairing. Managers or agents of first class exhibitions visiting Baltimore, will find it to their interest to engage the Museum, as it can be had for a very cheap rent, and is the best located place of amusement in Baltimore. Minstrels, Magicians, Panoramas, &c., will receive liberal sharing terms by addressing. ALBERT LEE, or JOHN P. SMITH,
Melodeon, Balt., Md.
N.B.—Proprietors of *Concert Rooms* need not apply, as the Museum will be rented to *first class exhibitions only*. 14-3t

BOWERY THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
J. E. ESHER.....Proprietor. | JAMES RILEY, Stage Manager.
JOHN BENARD,.....Musical Director.
ADMISSION 10 AND 25 CENTS.
The following artists are now performing at this establishment:

MISS SALLIE MASON,	MISS LIZZIE DAVIS,
MISS LEONORA,	MISS FRANK CHRISTIE,
THEODORE THOMPSON,	HERR SPRUNG,
JOHN BENARD,	JOHNNY CAMPBELL,
L. DEBURGER,	J. COLE,
B. H. COLLINS,	J. C. CAMPBELL.

Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability can always secure an engagement by addressing, J. E. ESHER, Proprietor. 47

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.—Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN, Advertising Agent for Nixon's Cremorne Garden, is desirous of an engagement as Advertising Agent or Treasurer, for any Star or Troupe. From the fact of having had considerable experience, he is well acquainted with Managers and the "Press" throughout the United States and Canada. Knows every part of the country well. Address him at this Office. 14

WOLF'S CONTINENTAL MUSIC HALL, late Continental Theatre, Philadelphia. First class performers treated with on liberal terms. Address WM. WOLF, Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, 14-tf

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, Ohio. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to engage for the coming Fall and Winter season, commencing on or about the 8th of September, will please address, post paid, I. ELLSLER, Jr., Manager. 14-tf

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL, CANADA.
STARS desirous of visiting Montreal, can apply to
8-3m J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION meets every Thursday evening at No. 76 Varick street. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue.
4-3m H. ROLPH, President.

TO MANAGERS.—CHAS. JEFFREY, Low Comedian, is now open for a Fall and Winter engagement. His terms are fixed to suits the times. References, etc., furnished, if desired. Address, CHAS. JEFFREY, Washington, D. C. 13-5t*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Fall Season of this beautiful Theatre will open about the 15th of August. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing engagements, will address the Manager as soon as possible. STARS can arrange for time, by addressing S. DRAPER, Sole Lessee and Manager. 13-5t*

WANTED—A good Leading Lady for a first class Company now traveling in the Eastern States. Address HOLLAND & WINTERS, Lancaster, N. H. 14-2t*

NIBLO'S GARDEN—SUMMER GARDEN.
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN NEW YORK.
Farewell engagement of
MR. JOHN COLLINS,
The distinguished Irish comedian and vocalist.
(Prior to his departure for Europe.)
The management would respectfully announce that after a series of brilliant dramatic triumphs
FOR THE PAST SIXTEEN YEARS,
the above eminent artist is about to make a brief
PROFESSIONAL TOUR TO HIS NATIVE LAND,
Previous to which he will appear in a round of his own and the late Tyrone Power's most popular pieces.
ON MONDAY EVENING, JULY 21, 1862,
and every night during the week,
The great Spectacular play, in three acts, of the
COLLEEN BAWN;
OR, THE BRIDES OF GARRYOWEN.
MYLES NA COPPALEEN.....MR. JOHN COLLINS,
with the song of "Cruiskeen Lawn" and the "Sprig of Shillelagh."
Danny Mann.....Mr. W. Scallan
Hardress Cregan.....Mr. L. R. Shewell
Father Tom.....Mr. S. J. Burnett
Eily O'Connor (the Colleen Bawn).....Miss Emma Taylor,
with the song of the "Pretty Girl Milking her Cow."
Annie Chute (the Colleen Rhuad).....Kate Denin Ryan
Sheiah.....Miss Mary Wells
Mrs. Cregan.....Mrs. A. Hind
This beautiful and effective play will be produced in the
SAME STYLE OF MAGNIFICENCE
which characterized its first representation at this house.
ACT I.—THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.
ACT II.—THE WATER CAVE AND FLYING BRIDGE.
ACT III.—THE BALL ROOM.
At the close of the drama
Mr. Collins will sing the National anthem of "Hail to the Union, Never Dissolve It."
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents. Secured Parquette Stalls, 75 cents. Family Circle, 25 cents. Commence at eight o'clock. 1t

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL,
444 BROADWAY. 444
This Establishment will re-open on or about the 11th of August.
WANTED,
Four first class Danseuses, Vocalists, Ethiopian Performers, Comic Singers, Comedians, Gymnasts, Ladies of the Ballet, &c. Apply personally, or by letter, before the 1st of August.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS LA THORNE, Stage Manager. 15-1t

A. O. O. F. S.—PHILADELPHIA, July 15, 1862.—At a meeting of the Actor's Order of Friendship, held on this date, the death of Bro. I. B. PHILLIPS was reported, and the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:
Resolved—That in the death of I. B. Phillips, the order loses an old and esteemed Brother, bound to us by many years of active and honorable associations.
Resolved—That we deeply sympathize with his bereaved family and friends.
Resolved—That the Brothers of this Order wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.
THOMAS McKEON, President.
ALEX. FISHER, Sec. pro. tem. 15-1t

THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—SAM CANTY, Esq., the well known author of several of our most popular dramas, having just completed the patriotic sketch entitled, "The Traitor's Dream; or, The Reunion of the North and South," consisting of a series of Scenes and Tableaux, with 1000 Lithographs representing the different Tableaux, is now prepared, with his entire Troupe, to take engagements for six or twelve nights. Managers wishing to engage the CANTY TROUPE, can do so by applying to JAS. CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway. 15-tf

CONCERT AND THEATRICAL AGENCY, 614½ Broadway. Managers requiring the services of first class Performers for the ensuing season, (if out of the city,) will please forward either the cash by express, or an order for the Tickets on any Railroad office in the City of New York, in order to prevent delays. N. B. No notice taken of letters not containing a postage stamp. J. CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway.
P. S. Wanted a Company for St. Louis and Memphis. 15-tf

THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—JOHN T. POWER, the celebrated Irish Comedian and Vocalist, son of the late Tyrone Power, is now on his way from Australia. Managers wishing to engage the above Artist for nights, commencing on or about August 1, will apply to JAMES CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway. 15tf

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Jas. Matthews, of O'Hara's troupe; Joseph Beebe, of Thayer & Noyes' Circus; Loraine Rogers, agent for Miss C. Thompson; J. E. Green, Duprez & Green's Minstrels; J. W. Whiston, M'lle. Louise Wells, L. B. Lent, John Sloat, Edward Thompson, Miss Mary Provost, Albert Fernold, M. W. Fiske, M. Ainsley Scott, W. Shires, G. W. Charles, and J. Underwood.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, July 21, 1862.

There is but very little, if any, improvement to notice in theatricals. Everything seems at a very low ebb, indeed, while the derangement of the currency tends still further to reduce the receipts at the box office. The theatres are compelled to give change, and to obtain this change, they are forced to pay a good premium, which is just so much out of their pockets, without any corresponding benefit, for nearly every person that seeks admittance to our theatres, is sure to tender a bill, whether they have change about them or not. This state of things cannot last, however, and now that the government has come to our relief, silver must come down in value, and take its place once more in the ordinary channels of business. Although the law making post stamps a legal tender does not go in force until the 1st of August, yet already are the "little picters" coming into general use as a medium of change. They are just as good, in the way of change, as gold and silver, and have come in the very nick of time to relieve our pressing necessities, and save business people from being made the victims of coin brokers, whose extortionate demands, if not checked, might end in a "public demonstration" not congenial with the health and well-being of the said brokers.

We do not believe that a single dollar was cleared at any of the theatres last week; on the contrary, most of them lost money; yet no sooner do we see one manager retire from the field, than another is ready to take his place, and blaze away in the managerial ranks. There seems to be a sort of mania for managing our metropolitan theatres; yet why it is, we cannot understand. Anderson met with a "terrible reverse" at the Winter Garden, and fell back. At once the vacated position is occupied by another General, who brings forward fresh forces to endeavor to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the house, but the first onset is not fraught with good results, and he entrenches himself to await reinforcements. Niblo's closed for a week, and now we have Mr. John Collins—who has been there before—assuming the reins of government. Florence, at Wallack's, although losing several hundred dollars each week that he has been there, still maintains his position; although, it is rumored, another party stands ready to fill up the gap, should Mr. F. deem it actually necessary to beat a retreat. Laura Keene's, under Miss Mitchell's management, closed on the 19th, but up to the time of writing this, we have not learned who is to be the "fortunate successor." If a man wants to lose money, *fast*, let him take hold of a metropolitan theatre, and postage stamps won't save him. Oh! its pizen to run a theatre in these dog days, for though every theatre is "the coolest place in the city," yet its awful trying on paper collars, double-breasted dickies, and such like, and none understand this fact so well as a "confiding public."

Mr. Wheatley has cut aloof from the "Congress of Artists," "Grand Combination," or "Histrionic Congress," and secured a lease of Niblo's Garden, solitary and alone, to go into effect before the first of September. Mr. W. has had considerable experience as a manager in Philadelphia, and is not altogether green in that line in New York. Whether he intends to run stars, give us the legitimate, or try the sensational and spectacular, we can't say. Let us all endeavor to give Mr. W. an encouraging boost at the commencement of his lesseeship.

Have you been in Wood's Minstrels' new hall yet? If not, visit it at once, and you will acknowledge it to be one of the prettiest places in the country, and as a summer house not to be surpassed anywhere. We took a look in there on the 17th, to see the house, and enjoy the show. The entrance to the hall is long and wide, with evergreen trees on either side, while in front is a magnificent gas illumination, the jets forming the words, "Wood's Minstrels." It is a brilliant sign, and lights the street for some distance along the great thoroughfare. The auditorium is painted in light colors, and presents a beautiful appearance. The ventilation is perfect, large windows reaching on either side from the ground floor to the upper circles, affording every chance for a free circulation of air. The stage is of a good size, giving ample room for the representation of dramatic pieces, or the production of Ethiopian eccentricities requiring plenty of space. In addition to the parquet, there are two circles, from any part of which a good view of the stage and performance can be had. The curtain, formerly in use while Wood's Minstrels performed next to Ball & Black's place, is neat and pretty, and has been retouched and made to look as good as new by the artistic hand of the painter. Courteous ushers are in attendance to escort ladies and their attendants to seats, while lads are employed to hand around ice water to those who wish for it. The upper circle of seats, we understand, is to be set apart for colored persons, who will enter from Crosby street, there being no connection between that circle and the other parts of the house. Having said this much for the house, let us take a look at the performers. In the first part of the programme, if we mistake not, there are thirteen performers upon the stage, and according to the names, the company ought to be a most efficient one. Eph Horn and Charley Fox, who occupy the ends, are both excellent comedians, while Cool White, as middle man is good, as he always is, in that position. R. Abecco was loudly applauded for his singing of the spirited "Vive L' America," and H. Percy gave a very good rendering of the ballad, "No One to Love." Messrs. Abecco and Percy are clever singers in their peculiar lines, but the addition of a balladist like Dave Wambold, for soft and plaintive songs, would greatly increase the already excellent qualities of the vocal department. In the second part, Frank Brower was the great attraction, and performed in his usual happy style. There are but few men in the profession who can equal him in his special acts. One of the hits of the evening was made by a little bit of a shaver, a boy named Samuels. He appeared in the "Music Lesson," with Charley Fox, and performed upon the banjo like an old stager. His touch was correct and in good time, and he produced a clear and well-defined tone. Little Master Samuels will make a great banjo player. Mr. Wood has gathered around him a good company; he places them in a cool and beautiful hall, and he is a responsible man; we trust, therefore, that each and every member of the troupe will do his best to contribute to the amusement of the patrons of Wood's Minstrels. The night we were present there was a very good attendance, the seats in the parquet being all occupied, and the first circle nearly full. Ever since the opening, business has been of the most encouraging character. The assemblage is quiet and orderly, and everything about the place has an air of respectability and system. The celebrated violinist, P. B. Isaacs, is to join Wood's next week; also, Garatagus, the great cornet; Haslam, the flutist; and Glenn, a very fine alto. These additions will contribute to make the band one of the best ever organized. The following is a copy of a new song just introduced by Wood's Minstrels. It was written by Mr. Henry Wood:—

ISN'T IT A WONDER?
WRITTEN BY HENRY WOOD, ESQ.,
And sung nightly by "Wood's Minstrels," with the most enthusiastic applause.

Sister Norf and Sister Souff,
Cut a pooty figger,
Fightin' like two Thomas-cats,
All about de Nigger.
Nigger here, Nigger dar,
Nigger ober yonder;
Set 'em up, knock 'em down,
Isn't it a wonder?
Yah! yah! cuddy-cadnnk,
Isn't it a wonder?

Johnny Bull and Lewy Nap
Standin' up to watch 'em,
When dey break dar teef and claws,
Den dey hope to cotch 'em.
Darkey don't know what to do—
Tinks de ting a blunder—
Wishes dey would stop de muss—
Isn't it a wonder?
Yah! yah! cuddy-cadnnk,
Isn't it a wonder?

De woodchuck trabbles froo de wood
As free as any ranger;
De cunnin' possum suns heself
Widout a tought ob danger;
De wild goose sails upon de stream
Widout a-divin' under;
De nigger cannot shoot 'em now,
Oh! isn't it a wonder?
Yah! yah! cuddy-cadunk,
Isn't it a wonder?

De nigger is a jolly bird,
You cannot do widout him;
So quit de war and make it up,
And say no more about him.
You might as well attempt to stop
De lightnin' and de thunder,
As try to kill the colored race;
Oh! isn't it a wonder?
Yah! yah! cuddy-cadunk,
Isn't it a wonder?

Mrs. Ettie Henderson, wife of Manager Henderson, of the Pittsburgh Theatre, sailed from here on the 19th, in the steamship Kangaroo, for Liverpool. Her father, Mr. Lewis, accompanies her.

Liquid fire may do very well for a "Winter's Tale," but it is rather too much of a hot thing for a Midsummer Night. After all the puffing about this liquid fire by the manager, the thing was a veritable failure, and looked about as much like burning tar as anything else. A few more doses of that stuff would soon use up the Garden. The attempt to cool people off with fountains of liquid fire is a new idea. Why not have chunks of ice to warm us in winter time?

Mr. Collins, Irish comedian, is about to visit Europe, and previous to starting, is playing a farewell engagement at Niblo's Garden, commencing this evening, 21st inst. He re-produces the Colleen Bawn, with Emma Taylor as Eily, and Kate Denin Ryan as Anna Chute. This is the drama which had such a long run in London, under Mr. Boucicault's direction, and which, indirectly, led to the trouble between Boucicault and Webster. It was produced some months ago at Niblo's by Mr. Collins, and met with much favor. It is not likely that another opportunity will soon present itself for witnessing this interesting play. Mr. Collins is the Coppaleen; Mr. Collins, Danny Mann; L. R. Shewell, Harden Cregan; and Mr. Burrett, Father Tom. At the close of the drama, Mr. Collins will sing a new nautical anthem, entitled "Hail to the Union, Never Dissolve it."

George Christy has a band of minstrels performing in the hall lately known as the Canterbury. His troupe consists of several members of his last company, including W. Arlington, E. Haslam, Japanese Tommy, and others. T. Vaughn is also in the party, and J. C. Reeves, and a lad named W. H. Lewis, who, in prima donna business, bids fair to become a big card. His voice is very loud, and he gets up among the high notes in a highly creditable manner. Haslam, the flutist, is one of the best players we ever listened to. His execution is splendid, and the tones he produces are clear and full. A lad named Samuel Cohen made his *debut* on the 18th, and we happened to be present at the time. He is about fourteen years of age. He appeared just before the close of the entertainment, and sang the ballad "Let Me Kiss Him for his Mother." He was a little nervous at first, but soon recovered himself, and achieved a decided success. His voice is sweet and musical, with none of that straining or harshness sometimes noticeable in boys; and he seems to have a good deal of taste, as was evinced by the feeling manner in which he rendered this touching ballad. Master Cohen will do very well. George Christy has a better party than when he was last with us, and he gives a decidedly better show. W. Arlington was encored in his "Essence of Old Virginny." The attendance was pretty fair on that night, although business has been very shy.

Maggie Mitchell closed her managerial career at Laura Keene's on the 19th, after a brief and profitless season. Fanchon was the only novelty produced during the time, and this was well received. There is a good deal in the piece worthy of commendation, but Miss Mitchell's acting in the principal part invests the entire performance with more interest than it would otherwise possess. The season would have been prolonged, had the business warranted it; as it is, the theatre might have been closed much earlier without greater loss. A complimentary benefit was given Miss Mitchell on the 18th—it was a complete success, the house being crowded. Who is the next aspirant for managerial honors and losses?

The Winter Garden commenced a new leaf of management on the 14th, under W. M. Fleming. This circumstance is scarcely of sufficient importance to be mentioned, for theatres are now-a-days viewed like hotels; somebody must keep them going, somehow. But, this opening night furnishes some little items for our "record." The attendance was rather slim. E. Mollenhauer led the orchestra. The opening piece was "The Head of the Family," with Emma Robertson (late Mrs. Brougham) as Cousin Cherry, the talkative widow, and we were both puzzled and pleased with her acting, for we did not believe that so good an actress could have improved so much on her previous excellence. This was Mrs. John's—no, Emma's—first appearance at this house. Another first appearance here was that of Miss Clara Douglas as Elinor Primrose, and did the sentimental tolerably well. Another first appearance here was George L. Aiken, who is praiseworthy for much general improvement in spite of adverse circumstances, and gave a very fair Earl of Mandeville. Mr. Jackson Haines next gave an interlude in the way of skating, and his imitations of learners taking their first lessons brought down the house (and himself) pretty often. We venture to guess that Mr. Haines (or his trowsers) is in a fair way to get "used to the boards." The idea of ice somehow warmed up the enthusiasm of the house; and yet, while the first piece was being played, the coolest article there was the audience—

Not a hand was heard, nor a musical note.

The new-comers attracted no more attention than so many peddlers of park-railing songs, and we really felt sorry for the performers. However, we need not wonder at the public getting rather pouty at the Winter Garden lately. Art is like Father Time, and levels its own revenges. The main and concluding piece was "Our Female American Cousin," and this brought out Miss Julia Daly among a numerous display of crinolines, with Miss Fanny Brown (from the Walnut, Philadelphia), Emma Robertson, Clara Douglas, Emma Morton, Mary Scott, etc. Among the masculines was T. A'Beckett, of Philadelphia, who made his first appearance in this city as Peter Neff. If we should judge by this single performance (somewhat against our usual rules), we may "count upon reckoning" Mr. A'Beckett as a true artist, and a decided acquisition to any stage. Julia Daly played as usual, and sung better, well sustaining her high reputation. Fanny Brown had a hard character for bye-play, Clara Appleby, but she did that and her dialogue very well. The character is not a "cockneyess," and her treatment of it (fan included) was perfectly proper. G. D. Chaplin was clever as Gerald Appleby. D. Myron's Sir William Appleby was rather too scowling and villainous; besides, he should be careful how he makes an English baronet pronounce words beginning with "con." Emma Robertson was all right as Lady Appleby. Altogether, we may say that the performances deserved a better reception. Business through the week, bad. This week, extra efforts will be made to resuscitate matters. This evening the burlesque entitled "King Cotton" is to be produced. Mr. Fleming is to do Shylock, in the trial scene, with Miss Freeman as Portia. Mrs. Bush is underlined for the 22d, and Miss Mary Provost for the 23d. With these several attractions, and plenty of postage stamps in circulation, business may improve.

The old Bowery is being fitted up in great style, and will open for the fall and winter season on the 26th inst. The house will be renovated throughout, with new proscenium, two new drop curtains, etc., and altogether the old house is to be revivified in all the departments.

American Music Hall is to be re-opened on or about August 11th. Mr. Butler is engaged in getting his company together, to fill up which, several performers are required. See advertisement.

A burlesque on Fra Diavolo was produced by the Florences last week, and met with a favorable reception. Business is still

poor here, and a complimentary, tendered by the company to Mr. and Mrs. Florence, takes place this evening, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, and Mrs. G. F. Browne, (sister of Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Florence) volunteering.

John T. Power, son of the lamented Tyrone Power, is now on his way to this country from Australia, and will be open for engagements. See advertisement.

At the New Bowery we now begin to see "Jack Sheppard" in a new life if not a new light. The old affair has been on the gallows, on horseback, on the spreading circles of spiritualistic degrees, and now it comes like a cake of glue from an old boot by the "working over" process. We shall see how the "notorious" stands the test of artistic celebrity with "Nix my dolly, pals, fake away." Mr. Eddy continues his engagement here. There was an immense house on the 19th. Mr. E. L. Davenport will shortly appear.

The Holman Family seem likely to hold on at the Museum, where they are now re-engaged for another two weeks. The "Cinderella" biz. has been shelved for the present, and the bills are much diversified. The new piece, "Mrs. Partington," seems to have been especially written for little Julia. Miss Sallie gives the public an astonisher when she sings that "Double-Voiced Song." Whatever the bears, snakes, whales, or learned seals may do, the real "happy family" seems to be the Holman Family. Master Leon, dancer; and E. Kelly, ballad singer; are on this week.

The Christy will case was to have been heard last week, but owing to the death of the Surrogate, it has been postponed until the close of the month. It is said that some important evidence has been secured for Mrs. Harrington, which, it is thought, may upset the will, and give the property to the rightful heirs. It would be better if a compromise could be effected between the two widows, for should the case come before the public, the revelations will be of a very spicy character, and injure all concerned.

A complimentary benefit is spoken of in behalf of Prof. Anderson. All right. But why not extend the good intended to be conferred, and give the ballet girls a lift also. They are less able to bear their losses than the Professor is to bear his.

DRAMATIC.

MONODY ON COL. CASS, OF THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT,

WRITTEN BY WM. W. PRATT,

And delivered at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, Wednesday Evening, July 16th,

BY MISS ANNIE EBERLE.

Our country mourns the Hero, brave and just,
Whose noble form is now consigned to dust;
His valorous deeds each Irish heart reveres,
The nation mourns his loss with bitter tears—
Gallantly and nobly at his country's call
He bade adieu to home, to wife, to all;
And with his brave, heroic band,
Rushed to defend his adopted land;
When sickness came, and battle near,
He paused not, thought not, knew not fear—
The Ninth he rallied, led them on to fame,
Received the shot that has immortalized his name.

The flag of our country, and the green of old Erin,
Brave Cass and the Ninth pledged their lives to defend,
How nobly that pledge has been kept, and how sadly,
We mourn here to-night, his career's at an end.
Columbians, in losing your leader and brother,
Through the depths of your sorrow, let this your hearts [cheer:
He died as the Hero, with glory and honor,
A martyr to his country, to the land he held dear.
That wife left alone in sorrow and sadness,
Heart broken mourner, sweet sympathy know,
Thousands of hearts, once beating in gladness,
Mourn for the brave whom treason laid low.
If those silent lips, now closed, aye, forever,
Could, once again, their wishes make known,
They would "bid you stand firm—never to sever,"
And never to rest until treason's o'erthrown.
'Neath Auburn's green shades, there let him rest
In peace, 'neath the merciful clay—
His name it is honored, his memory blest,
By the mourners who followed his corse this sad day;
Not alone by these mourners, but throughout the wide land,
Will Irishmen speak of his name—
Brave, noble, and valiant, both he and his band.
Their deeds—we leave them to fame.
Let tears then of sorrow, in silence be shed—
For the Hero thus early laid low—
For his country he fought—for his country he bled—
And fell by the hand of the foe.

Frank Drew and Mrs. Charles Henri are performing at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fredericks, "late of the New York theatres," announced to give a theatrical entertainment in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 9th inst., but owing to "unforeseen obstacles," they did not appear.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Allen were to have concluded their engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 19th. They have been playing in the "Macarthy, or Peep o' Day."

The "Angel of Midnight," produced by Mr. Buckland, last week, at his Montreal Theatre, drew excellent houses, the opening night witnessing one of the largest audiences ever assembled there. Miss Kate Reignolds appeared in the leading part, supported by Misses Alice Gray and Effie Germon, and Messrs. Charles Fisher, Barton Hill, Vining Bowers, C. Merton, E. B. Holmes, and the balance of the company.

Notwithstanding the return of Joe Sefton from the Army of the Potomac, he has been "superseded" by Robert Johnson. The latter is supported by Messrs. Fitzgerald, Fannin, Anderson, Carland, Miss Ettie Palmer, Mrs. Fannin, and Miss Nellie Germon.

Yankee Miller's Parlor Dramatic Company were at Coldwater, Mich., on the 18th inst. In the company are W. Marble, Harry Hawk, R. J. Miller, Mrs. R. J. Miller, S. Wright, H. Adams, Jones, etc.

Reynolds & Rogers' Dramatic Company concluded their season in Hornellsville on the 5th. They were at Almond on the 7th, 8th and 9th, and Cuba the 10th, 11th and 12th.

Adah Isaacs Menken had a fine house for her benefit on the 18th, at the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

Joseph Proctor commences an engagement for Manager Lanergan, at St. John, N. B., at the close of Couldock's engagement.

By the death of Henry W. Fenno on the 14th, Boston has lost one of its most representative men, and humanity one of its most noble ornaments. Having been for many years Treasurer of the old National Theatre in that city, deceased was well known to the profession, the press, and the public generally. While blunt Bill Pelby did the "*fortiter in re*," the amiable Henry W. did the "*suaviter in modo*." The pair ran well together. If bad times came, Pelby used to say, "Well, I've got a good-natured treasurer. I believe he'd pay out his last dollar without wincing." Sure enough, good times would come again, and the "good faith" of both men be amply rewarded. Both are now departed. Each was a hero in his own way. A pang of sorrow will be shared in sympathy with all who have had the honor of meeting with Henry W. Fenno, while now informed of his death.

At a meeting of the Actors' Order of Friendship, held in Philadelphia on the 15th inst., the decease of Mr. I. B. Phillips was announced, and resolutions of sympathy and condolence were passed. It was also resolved to wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days. See proceedings of meeting in theatrical advertising department.

Miss Kate Reignolds closed at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 19th.

Mr. Hackett commences an engagement at the Montreal Theatre, on the 21st.

Manager Ford had Miss Emily Thorne as his star last week, in Baltimore, and she is said to have made quite a hit.

Adah Isaacs Menken is doing very well at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. This evening, 21st, she enters upon the fourth week of her engagement, producing Mazeppa, and introducing her sensation act of "riding the runs" in person. This feat is something of a novel character, and never fails to elicit the greatest applause.

The fall season at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, will commence about the 1st of September. A good stock company is said to have been already engaged.

Last week was a blank one in the history of the drama in Philadelphia. Not a theatre was open there, and but two or three minor places of amusement were open.

The Front Street, Baltimore, resumes biz. for the fall about the 1st Sept., under George Kunkel, as usual.

James H. Hackett follows Kate Reignolds at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, and opens there on the 21st, as Falstaff, in "King Henry IV."

MUSIC HALLS.

Capt. J. B. Smith, of Albany, has secured the services of the leading people of 444 Broadway, N. Y. The Naiad Queen, which had been played the week before with success, was therefore necessarily withdrawn. Tony Pastor, the comic vocalist, is one of the best cards Smith has had this season. Bob Hart keeps the grin constantly on the countenances of his audience. Ernestine de Faiber is a charming *danseuse*. Miss Ernestine will leave for Philadelphia during next week. The Misses Matilda and Lizzie Schultze have been engaged by Manager Bayless, of Detroit, and will leave for that place on the 28th. Capt. Smith takes a complimentary on Monday, the 21st. This is a continuation of that grand ovation tendered him on the 18th of April last, when the concert law, which passed about that time, closed the house. His friends are bound to give him a bumper.

The Gayety Music Hall, Albany, has been given up by the old management, and Messrs. J. L. Davis (of Burtis', Brooklyn) and Tom Brookfield, have taken the house under their protection, and with an enlarged company will make a desperate final effort. The company consists of J. L. Davis, Tom Brookfield, Jimmy Roome, J. R. Campbell, Mdlle. Louise Davis, and Miss Delancy. With new scenery, appointments, etc., the management hope to secure the attention of the public.

At the Continental Opera House, Baltimore, Union songs continue to be given, to the delight of the patrons of that establishment. Clara Butler has retired from Mr. Lea's hall, and joined the Continental company. Misses Kate Archer and Mollie Fielding continue at the Continental, together with Tom Vance, Eugene Florence, and others.

Miss Mary Walton was in Baltimore last week, idle. It is stated that she joins Mr. Bayless' company, at Detroit, Mich., this week.

The Melodeon, Baltimore, is in full blast, with "pretty waiter girls." Have a care, Mr. Lea, that the system does not attract the attention of the authorities, and put an end to the concert business. The Melodeon has an excellent company engaged.

Bayless, at his Music Hall, in Detroit, takes the lion's share of the business. His energy has given some spirit to Beller, at the other hall, who is having his stage refitted, and scenery re-painted. Miss Ida Duval, late of Trimble's, Pittsburgh, has joined Beller's company, and Master Dougherty, formerly with Frank Rivers, is also engaged.

Frank Rivers' Troupe have been in Newport, R. I., and are likely to continue in Rhode Island, Vermont, or Connecticut, for some time.

Alfred Stewart was the recipient of a benefit at the Metropolitan Varieties, Detroit, Mich., on the 18th inst., and was rewarded with a good house.

We heard a "story" the other day of an editor of one of the Chicago papers, which goes to show that love reigns supreme everywhere, even in the bosoms of hard-hearted editors. This Chicago man arrived in Detroit, a few days since; went to the Varieties, saw the show, including the girls; became smitten with one of them, made proposals, which were favorably listened to, and Miss Julietta is no longer at the Varieties.

The Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, was opened on the 19th inst. as a concert saloon, under the management of Mr. Wolf. Fanny Forrest is one of the attractions.

At Long's Varieties, Philadelphia, the following performers are now engaged:—Madame Fayaux, Adelaide Miller, Melinda Nagle, Mary Newton, John Forbes, Billy Holmes, J. C. Keene, William Lesher, H. Muckle, and Billy Chambers.

Chesnut Street Lyceum, Philadelphia, is still keeping open house, with the following company:—Nelly Taylor, Kate Francis, Susie Summerfield, Prof. G. W. Smith, R. S. Raymond, J. N. Carr, Misses Kate Marshall, Marie Wells, Eliza Florence, Maggie Marshall, Kate Harrison, Estella Forrest, etc.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels brought their entertainments to a close at the Boston Museum on the 19th. They have done very well, and might have remained longer, but that they had engaged to appear in other cities. Their performances gave much satisfaction to the Bostonians, and pleased the masses. This week they will be in Lawrence, Mass., on the 21st; Portland, Me., 22d and 23d; Portsmouth, N. H., 24th; Lynn, Mass., 25th; Haverhill, 26th; and next week open in Salem on the 28th; Lowell, 29th; New Bedford, 30th and 31st; Providence, Aug. 1st and 2d; after which they will rest for a few weeks, previous to starting out on another extended tour.

Bryants' Minstrels are in New York State. They are to be in Auburn on the 28th inst,, and will probably close their travelling season at Albany soon after.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels intend commencing their regular season in Boston on the 4th Aug. "Early birds," etc.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels opened at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 14th, and remained there through the week.

Sanford's Opera Troupe were announced to appear at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati, commencing on the 21st, but we are sorry to learn that the company broke up at Cleveland, last week, and some of the members have arrived east. What has caused the disaster, we cannot say. We sincerely regret the ill luck attending Mr. Sanford of late, and would suggest that a benefit be tendered him by the profession in New-York. Mr. Sanford has ever been foremost in extending a helping hand to those in need, and now is the time to show our appreciation of such kindness. What say our minstrel friends to the suggestion?

Bryants' Minstrels have done a very good business in their tour eastward, and their entertainments seem to have afforded a good deal of amusement to their patrons.

Philadelphia is without a minstrel company at present. Hooley's company was the last that performed there.

Bleeker's Wood's Minstrels gave two performances on the evening of the 14th and 15th, at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

They have been having genuine negro minstrelsy in Rochester, N. Y., as the following quotation from a paper of that village of the 12th inst., will explain:—"By special permit of the Mayor, George Morris, of Elizabeth City, N. C., and William Henry Jackson, of Albany, N. Y., will give a series of street concerts on the steps of the Court House. They are both 'contrabands,' and are said to be excellent musicians."

CIRCUSES.

Dan Rice's Circus returns to Detroit on the 30th.

Goodwin & Wilder's Circus, and Mrs. Dan Rice's Show are in the British provinces, and will show at Halifax, N. S., commencing July 21st.

Yankee Robinson's concern was at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., on the 17th. We hardly know how to classify this show, for it is an odd mixture of circus, theatre, and Uncle Tom stuff; but we'll call it a circus, for short.

Madigan & Carrol's Union Circus pitched their canvas in Schenectady on the 17th. Biz. pretty good. They showed in Troy on the 18th and 19th; then down the Hudson. Charley De Vere and Willis Armstrong are the clowns.

Dr. R. P. Jones, traveling agent for Dan Rice, has been appointed agent for the Douglas Monument Association, and thus visits a town in such a way as to test its political as well as amusemental proclivities. The show was at Milwaukee on the 17th, 18th, and 19th; all well.

Thayer & Noyes' Circus will pitch their tent in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 22d and 23d inst.

Mabie's Show is billed to exhibit in La Salle, Ill., on the 23d inst.

We hear that the prospects aro so encouraging with Spaulding & Rogers' Ocean Circus, in South America, that Dr. Spaulding has forwarded a larger canvas to the concern.

Stokes's Circus didn't get to travel far, for the concern broke up at Greenpoint.

We need not write to inform the public that "liberty is sweet," whether the weather may be warm or cold; but a recent adventure of Manager Lent's hippopotamus gives us a very seasonable illustration. It appears that after performing at Antwerp, N. Y., on a Saturday, the company determined to give Lo—or whatever his (or her) hippopotamusship's name may be—the treat of a good swim on the Sunday morning. Hippo was not slow to take the opportunity, and Ali, the keeper, never had seemed so lively. So far, so good. But, after a reasonable allowance and good "scripter measure" over, the "behemoth of the scriptures" positively refused to "see it" when Ali called him ashore. On the contrary, he cocked one eye over towards Ali, as much as to say—"The thing can't be did under existing circumstances!" Ali dropped his Egyptian indolence, and became as mercurial as an industrious Milesian. Lo (not "the poor Indian," in this case) got more and more lively. He ducked and he dived, and he dived and he ducked, and showed some disposition for going over to Her Majesty's dominions in Canada. Here was a "dielemmy." By this time the banks of the lake creek were crowded with the country people and the members of Manager Lent's company. The more they looked, the more Lo played possum and porpoise. Half a dozen men were placed in a row, all with black coats and white chokers, (as if a jury of clergymen at Barnum's Museum), and still "the behemoth of the scriptures" refused to answer any signals but his own fancy. Ali then got so excited as to volunteer swimming out to Mr. Hippo, and arresting him with a rope. Mr. Hippo seemed to enjoy this joke best of all—a social swim seemed to be just the idea—but still he had his own reasons for not allowing Ali to throw a line over his head. The more Ali swam, the more Hippo swam. This was something not in the bills. Be this hippopotamus a he or a she, Mrs. Keeley or Mrs. J. J. Prior never sung "Liberty for me!" with greater gusto than it seemed to enjoy the floundering and tumbling it reveled in on that bless-ed Sabbath morning. Such is the "blessed teruth," and we are obliged to report it. Disporting a moment in the sunshine, just enough to show his speckled pork, and then diving down into the clear blue of the water, and coming up again in the most unexpected places, showed the poor creature's intoxication of happiness, as if saying—

No man's slave I'll be;
No more tank for me.

Well, something had to be done. Tom King shook his portly form with roars of laughter, as Mr. Hippo seemed to be saying—"Ladies and gentlemen, I *tank* you all." Nathans looked at Howes, and Howes looked at Nathans, but how "the critter" was to be got back again was nathless. Bill Kennedy got almost cross-eyed between looking after Mr. Hippo and keeping several articles of the crinoline persuasion on shore. Mons. Rochelle, the well-known gymnast, hit upon a good idea, and started out in a boat, but indiscreetly hit Mr. Hippo on the head with an oar. This changed "the current" of Mr. Hippo's thoughts. He opened his cavernous jaws, and put for the boat. Rochelle did not like this kind of foaming, and struck out for the shore, taking care to shove back the boat in Mr. Hippo's face. This was a race for life, and the crowd on shore held their breaths or vented their feelings in loud hurrahs. Rochelle just saved his powders for some other day. As soon as Mr. Hippo found the water shallow, he left his tempting bait, and struck out again for deep water. For some reason that cannot be explained, Mr. Hippo did not go away, but kept about the middle of the widest part of the river all night. In the morning, a large troop of dogs were set upon Mr. Hippo, and gradually "circumscribed" him in, by "chawing" his tail, ears, and heels. Ali lugged off his nautical tormentor to their usual den, and we think it is likely that Ali and Hippo settled the account of the previous day. Hard on poor Hippo. Now all this sort of thing might be avoided, if managed as one show concern does—have no hippopotamus except on the show bills—but that concern is not L. B. Lent's Hippozoonomadon.

Geo. F. Bailey & Co.'s Zoological and Hipporenic Pavilion Company, are on a good time in the western part of this State, and open at Sinclairville on the 24th, and at Fredonia on the 25th and 26th. This is a very interesting exhibition—a sort of portable museum.

From Pittsburgh, we learn that during the late exhibition of Van Amburgh's menagerie at Monongahela City, a fearful and exciting scene occurred. It appears that shortly after the audience had assembled, a terrific storm arose, which tore the canvas into rags, and threatened serious injury to the spectators. The *Chronicle* of the 19th says that while the Storm King roared and revelled, one of the huge tigers got out of his cage, which added new terror to the scene. The vast assembly swayed from side to side, first to that part of the tent which had been blown off, and then to the main entrance. Some jumped from the top seats out through the opening between the top and the circular enclosure; others cut themselves a passage through the canvas, and all rushed with alarm for any place of escape, preferring to brave the storm to taking their chance for life amid the crashing timbers and furious wild beasts. Women shrieked for help, and children cried; strong men looked pale, and taking the confusion of the multitude, and the raging of the storm, the scene was fearful and appalling. The keepers of the animals stood by the cages of these wild denizens of the woods and jungles with anxious looks. The man who kept the elephant Hannibal, stood in front of the huge brute, with his hands upon his tusks, as pale as a corpse. One of the lions had partaken of the excitement, and his glaring eyeballs, erect posture, and extended and flowing mane, gave an idea of how he looks in his native forest. The tiger, which had escaped from his cage, was driven back by Mr. Van Amburgh into the same cage with this lion, and the king of the woods had put his huge paw upon him, and was holding him tight upon the floor. Nature, grand and terrible, was on exhibition at this show. After some moments of fearful confusion, the storm ceased, and the audience separated, but not until several had been injured from being trampled on and bruised in the general confusion which prevailed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Swiss Bell Ringers, organized by the Blaisdell Brothers, are on the move in Pennsylvania, and were at Allentown on the 16th.

The Metropolitan Varieties, Detroit, has more than answered the expectations of its proprietor, Mr. L. M. Bayless. Some parties having circulated false reports about Mr. Bayless, the members of his company are out in a card, denouncing such reports as malicious falsehoods. See our advertising department. M'lle Clari Felicita, French danseuse, was the attraction last week, and Miss Julia Hamilton is also engaged.

Miss Kate Pennoyer is now performing at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, Mo. M'lle Lauretta, a pupil of Miss Pennoyer, made her first appearance on any stage, at the Varieties, last week.

Henri Denier, of the Denier Brothers, had a complimentary benefit at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 17th. The offering was signed by ex-Gov. Goodwin, and other prominent citizens of the place. The Deniers appeared in Haverhill, Mass., on the 19th, then go to Exeter, N. H., for the 22d, and afterwards to Portland, Me. Now, there must be something wrong about these Deniers, for John Denier was at San Juan, Porto Rico, on the 2d inst., and would remain there two or three weeks longer. It is our opinion that there is a rupture in the party, and one is endeavoring to forestall the other.

J. W. Whiston, the humorist, is giving his "olio of oddities" in Tompkins Co., N. Y., and performod in Ithaca on the 18th and 19th inst.

The following is the award of premiums to Barnum's Boston babies:—From one to three years of age—1st premium, Ella Maud Avery; 2d, Charles Lauten; 3d, Clifton N. Barber; 4th, Amelia Francis Lufkin; 5th, Leslie Barnes Boutwell; 6th, Viola Stenimon; 7th, Charles W. Weeks; 8th, William Russell Sproul. Discretionary cash premiums were also awarded to Edward Lincoln Hoyt, Lavinia Gibson, and Emma Julia Carver. From three to five years. 1st premium, Abbie A Cutter; 2d, Epoiliete Dermit; 3d, Ida M. Osborn; 4th, Frederick E. Pettes; 5th, Lilian C. Davis; 6th, Emma Dudley; 7th, Helen C. Richardson; 8th, Olive W. Wilbur. Discretionary cash premiums, Charles Albert Berry, Robert Cowan Robbins, and Ella Maria Wilbur.

Ossian E. Dogde has *again* closed his season of 1862. The finale this time took place at the Tremont Temple, Boston, last week. Mr. Dodge goes to St. Paul, Minnesota, to spend the summer, while Mr. Hayward, the balladist, will rusticate among the hills of New Hampshire. The season consisted of 44 weeks.

J. E. Gilbault, who managed the Botanic and Zoological Garden, in Montreal, will please make known his present whereabouts. We sent him a letter some time since, and not hearing from him, we take this method of reaching him.

Hambujer, the "East India Magi," gives two more entertainments in Chicago, on the 21st and 22d inst. Among the good things to be served up at these magical feasts, for the first time in the United States, is the fascinating feat of "murdering a boy, and restoring him to life."

According to all the usual signs of success, Fox's Ravel Troupe are to have good times at the Boston Museum. With James Pilgrim outside, and Manager Keach within, this fine company must please with their light and varied performances, so suitable at this "betwixt and between" season. Biz. began on the 21st.

The National Troupe of Glass Blowers were at last accounts blowing at Tucker's Hall, San Francisco, California, to very fair business. The glass steam engine pleases the people vastly.

Being in Boston the other day, we stepped in to see the Baby Show at Barnum's Aquarial Gardens, in Washington street, and there found a goodly collection of the "human rose buds" spoken of in Museum bills, about a hundred being on exhibition, from the young nursling of a few months, up to the five year old. The locality of the show was as superior to that of the one in New York, as possible. The "Aquarial Gardens," as they are called, are in a fine open building, in the centre of which is a large tank, located on the floor beneath, and in the centre of this a pure fountain of salt water cools the atmosphere delightfully. The aquaria are placed in a circle round the room, and in front of this a stand was erected, on which the chairs for the "parents and guardians" of the aforesaid rose buds were placed. The collection was a very good one, numbering over a hundred, in which there were some really fine and healthy children. A bright little fellow of French parentage attracted considerable attention for his beauty. A feature of the show was the darkie department, about five or six little ebonies being on exhibition. One of them was named Charles Sumner, and another Henry Wilson. Barnum was there in all his glory, and on exhibiting the one pound seven ounce baby, stated that "all could see it wasn't wax," which a few seemed to believe it was. The show was decidedly better in every respect than the New York one, as the parents could retire behind the stage and feed "and so forth" the little ones when necessary. It was quite a success, thousands visiting the place.

Professor Kirbye, who has been charged with bigamy, has obtained his liberty, and desires to be heard in his own defence, and we herewith give him the opportunity. Annexed is his letter:—"Philadelphia, July 14, 1852. FRIEND QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—I noticed a short time since, an article in your paper, as well as in numerous others, wherein the undersigned, your "humble servant," was falsely accused of a criminal act—that of "bigamy." Since that time I have proved myself entirely innocent of the charges, and in justice to myself, family, and the profession, I trust that you will favor your readers with a brief explanation of the true facts, now that I am at liberty, for while I was under arrest, I was not permitted to utter one syllable in my own defence. And now that one side of the story has been told in a countless number of forms and ways, I will explain the other side in its true light. "The multiplication of my many voices did not in the least influence me to multiply my number of wives over one." Nevertheless, I was charged with the *latter*, as well as the *former*; the *accounts* were well *posted*, but not correctly *balanced*. The facts are simply these: I was arrested in New-York on the 14th of June, charged with the bigamy of five innocent "*damsuels*," the indictments having been preferred against me by certain malicious parties—having a pecuniary object in view—perhaps a portion or all of that $15,000 that I was said to have become suddenly possessed of. "*That's the question.*" They probably wished to visit *Niagara Falls*, or some other summer resort, and were at some loss for the required number of "chucks" to defray expenses. *Wonder how they succeeded?* I was taken to Philadelphia, and after waiting some little time in a "cage," I had a hearing before the Court of Quarter Sessions, in which there appeared no evidence evincing that I had more than one wife. The result was, I was honorably discharged from the custody of the law on the 2d day of July, 1862, and am at present living with my lawful wife, in peace and tranquility of mind, the same that I was before the alleged transgression. In conclusion, I would say to the curious, "Did I have five wives or not? And did I, by some feat of "prestidigitation," make all but one "*disappear?*" The tribunal before which I was placed, however, did not admit of even the most expert demonstration of magic, at which it was said I was skillful. And it is believed that I performed no *unusual feats of magic* during my examination. But I am at present open for engagements with responsible managers, where I may still multiply my numerous voices to please their audiences, *but not wives.* Very Respectfully Yours,

G. W. KIRBYE, "*Ventriloquist, Magician, &c.*"

Mr. R. S. Manuel gives two concerts, entitled "Patch Work Entertainments," at Schenectady, N. Y., on the 21st and 22d. The company consists of Mr. R. S. Manuel, vocalist and fancy dancer; Mr. Sam Verney, (of Troy Adelphia), comic vocalist; Laura Verney, *danseuse*, etc.; Prof. Schenk, violinist; and Prof. Wood, pianist. The patchwork consists of a number of dramatic sketches, pantomime, songs, dances, etc.

The Junior Class of Union College, Schenectady, had a grand fandango, in the shape of a "Mechanical burial," on the 14th. The entire class were dressed in white robes, and in company with a coffin, seven feet long, in which was placed the "mathematics," they marched through the town. H. L. Bellinger delivered an oration, and Mr. Wattie Rusher a poem.

At the Toledo Opera House, the following were the principal performers last week:—Sig. Alee and son, gymnasts and jugglers; O. W. Blake, Mrs. Blake, J. H. Carle, J. F. Oberist, L. Benedict, M'lle. Estella, and Miss Victoria.

One of the little Zouave Star Sisters is dead. She was known as little Eva, a light-haired child, of seven years, who, although but one year upon the stage, had made many friends. She died in Chicago on the 11th inst., so we are informed by a correspondent in Toledo, Ohio.

There have been several mishaps in ballooning recently, one case resulting in the death of an æronaut. It seems that the people of Sparta, Morrow county, Ohio, had a large celebration on the Fourth. A balloon ascension having been announced and prepared by Mr. F. H. Westbrook (who had previously made one or two successful ascensions at other places in the county), the balloon was inflated, and, with Mr. Westbrook in the car, started from the earth between 4 and 5 o'clock P. M. It had not ascended more than 300 or 400 feet, when it burst, and turned inside out, and fell with rapid momentum, striking the ground about thirty rods from its starting point. The unfortunate æronaut struck the ground feet foremost, his heels going through the close wicker-work of the side of the car, and sinking to the depth of nearly two inches. He was immediately taken out of the car in a totally unconscious condition. One of his legs was broken—perhaps both, and the internal injuries to vital parts of his body and brain, precluded all hope of recovery. No human organization could endure such a dreadful concussion. Several physicians were at hand, and rendered all the aid in their power. The balloon was absolutely rotten, and filled with hot air. Mr. Westbrook was well aware of the imminent hazard, but, rather than disappoint the people by not ascending, he risked his life, and lost it. It was a terrible spectacle. Mr. W. was about 34 years of age. He resided in Chester, Morrow county. He leaves a wife and one child. Another accident occurred at Boston, on the 9th. About seven o'clock P. M., Mr. King, accompanied by four other gentlemen, ascended from Boston Common in his balloon "Star Spangled Banner." The balloon was blown seaward, and descending at a rapid rate, the æronauts were drawn through the air and water at a fearful rate. They were followed by the steam-tug Huron, and several sail-boats. Finally a line was got to the Huron, and the five æronauts were safely taken on board. The three-inch cable which held the balloon to the steamer, then parted, and the balloon shot upward to the clouds, and was seen no more.

AMATEUR.

TOO THIN-SKINNED.—A few remarks touching the introduction of some obnoxious individuals in the amateur ranks, seem to have excited the ire of several gentlemen of the amateur persuasion, and they have addressed a rather tart and uncalled for letter to our reporter for that department. In justice to him, let us say that he did not indite the article complained of. As we could not do the signers a greater injury than by publishing their letter, and having no intention to harm them, we omit it. We mentioned no names, and only those offending should complain.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

A HASTY RECORD OF LONDON THEATRICALS, WITH JOTTINGS ON OTHER TOPICS.—42 King street, Covent Garden, London, July 4, 1862.—In the theatrical world the past fortnight, the "great sensation" has been the Webster-Boucicault collisions. As you will hear a variety of versions of this simple tale (for it is simple, enough) let me give you, in a few words, an outline of it. I particularly wish you to know the truth, for I cannot fail to observe the immense prejudice entertained by the American press against Mr. Boucicault, and how careful anonymous writers are to go out of their way to misrepresent his actions and misconstrue his career. First of all, as you are aware, Mr. Boucicault joined Mr. Webster as an actor and author, some two years ago, when the fortunes of the Adelphi were at a very low ebb. The production of the "Colleen Bawn" was, as the whole world is aware, an unparalleled success, and raised Mr. Webster from a dangerous position to one of great security, if not wealth. There was no doubt that Mr. Boucicault had not only got the ear, but captivated the heart of the town, and no one saw this more quickly than the shrewd Adelphi manager. He suggested partnership, terms were rapidly arranged, and in a short time the two were co-proprietors for three years in the Adelphi. According to the terms of agreement, Mr. Webster was to manage the finance, his partner the stage, and it was distinctly understood that in this latter department Mr. B. was to have *unlimited control.* Of course, the selection of pieces falling within his province, on the withdrawal of the "Colleen Bawn" (and it was taken out of the bills when it was drawing over £120 per night) the "Octoroon" was substituted, but though a fair success, the receipts did not rival those produced by the great Irish drama. The "Octoroon," then, for some reason or the other, made way for the "Life of an Actress;" this in turn was displaced by "Dot," which gave way to the "Phantom," and afterwards the "Octoroon" was restored to the bills. All of these pieces drew large and paying audiences; larger, in fact, than the usual Adelphi dramas did before Mr. B. joined the theatre in 1860. But the marvellous success of the "Bawn" seemed to have turned Mr. Webster's head, and "Dot" and the "Phantom" not exciting more than ordinary theatrical attention, discontent and constant differences of opinion arose between the co-proprietors. Mr. Webster voted his partner's selection of pieces bad; Mr. Boucicault, who, with all of his skill, could not be expected always to hit public taste as completely as he had done with the "Colleen Bawn" and the "Octoroon," stood by his agreement, and plainly intimated as much. In the meantime, Mr. Webster had taken the Princess' Theatre, and was playing short star engagements at the various theatres about the metropolis—a course which drew forth no word of complaint from his partner, who quietly filled his position at the Adelphi. After the revival of the "Octoroon," Mr. Webster underlined, without his partner's sanction or knowledge, a new drama and a new farce. This was clearly an infringement of Mr. Boucicault's stipulated rights; and finding remonstrance of no avail, he applied for an injunction. A hearing took place, and the case stood over. At this moment Mr. Boucicault became lessee for a short term, of Drury Lane Theatre, and announced to open with the "Colleen Bawn." Mr. Webster tried his hand at an injunction, too. Both cases then came on before the Vice Chancellor, who, after well considering them, decided that he would not interfere with one or the other of the litigants; that is to say, Mr. Webster might check Boucicault in his stage arrangements, while the latter was free to manage Drury Lane to his heart's content. If Mr. Boucicault acted wrongly in taking another theatre, surely Mr. Webster had set him the example in becoming the lessee of the Princess's. It formed no part of the agreement that each was not to indulge in other theatrical speculations, and both have done so. A question of expediency might arise as to whether the manager of one theatre should open another in direct opposition; but as I said before, the first culprit here is Webster, and Boucicault made no objection. It seems to me, then, that in this quarrel the latter is clearly in the right. He has not departed one jot from his contract; his partner, in announcing pieces without his sanction, *did*; and to my mind, Boucicault has come out of the affair in the most honorable manner, while Mr. Webster, who, by his partner's secession, has somewhat come to grief, stands not only in an unenviable, but a ridiculous attitude. This is a hasty outline of the row, the details of which would fill your paper, so I give you a general sketch of its leading points.

Boucicault's opening night at Drury Lane was a brilliant success. Old play-goers said it reminded them of the days of Elliston. Certainly, I remember nothing like it since I have been in England. The vast area was packed from pit to dome, and hundreds were refused admission to all parts of the house. Boucicault's entrance was the signal for an ovation such as is rarely heard within the walls of a theatre, and the Webster faction must have discovered that D. B.'s popularity *with the public* is simply enormous. Three American ladies *debuted* on that night, Miss Sara Stevens, Miss McClean, and Mrs. Jordan, the wife of "handsome George," who was once so popular at "Burton's," when Chambers street was the *locale* of fashionable play-goers. All of these ladies met with success; Miss Stevens especially distinguished herself; Mrs. Jordan had an unthankful part in a farce, and Miss Jessie McClean displayed ease and a confidence so well assured, that it was remarked on all sides. The beauty of these ladies was a constant theme of observation, and I christen them the three American Graces!

I hear that Mr. Mapleson, the *impressario* of Her Majesty's Theatre, and one of the most spirited men of the day, is in treaty with Mdlle. Titjens to visit the States, possibly at the end of the present summer. If this event takes place, your musical public will have reason to rejoice, for Mdlle. Titjens is now, without a doubt, the greatest living lyric artiste. Her Donna Anna, Lucrezia Borgia, Leonora and Valentine, are the grandest creations I have ever witnessed. I do not remember Grisi in her great days, but within the range of my memory, in these and other *roles*, no prima donna has ever approached Titjens. She combines the best and greatest gifts of Grisi, Sontag, and Jenny Lind. This may sound like exaggeration, but it is true. The critic of the London *Times*, in speaking of her Donna Anna (in "Don Giovanni," last night) says, "Whether looked at from a musical or dramatic point of view, it has not been equalled since the best days of Madame Grisi. Titjens was all that the most exacting worshipper of Mozart's genius could have wished." This, from the coldest, most experienced, and I may add, the most honest critic of the metropolis, is eulogium calculated to inspire the musical public of New York with something like curiosity to hear this wonderful Diva. When I think of the Jenny Lind *furore*, excited by a mere patchy concert, and the marvellous genius of Titjens in one of her great parts, I can scarcely imagine in what form the enthusiasm of the American dilletante will exhibit itself—between the depressing tameness of a dress concert and the inspiring grandeur of a grand opera.

The Dramatic College holds its annual Fancy Fair at the Crystal Palace on the 19th and 21st of the present month. All of the leading actresses have stalls, and the public take a lively interest in this affair, which is one of the great days of the Palace. Last year over twenty thousand visited the Fair, and a large sum was realized for the College. At this moment the metropolitan actresses are thinking more of the Fair than of their play houses, and they are dunning their friends on all sides for contributions, which I hear are pouring in, in the shape of pretty knick-knacks, in the way of butterfly penwipers, astonishing handscreens, embroidered braces, slippers, Berlin wool mats, dolls, etc., that ladies of elegant leisure most delight in. My wife is to preside at a stall, and the contents of our house at this moment resemble a cross between the Pantheon and Soho Bazaar. I am bewildered of Berlin wool, and my brain has succumbed to the fancy pressure put upon it by fiddle faddles in every color of the rainbow. Woe is me! Were it not all in the sacred cause of charity, I would fly to the other end of the earth. As it is, I'll remain in town, and tell you how the af-Fair goes off. It is sure to be a triumph, for Mr. J. W. Anson, the Secretary, is indefatigable in pushing the fortunes of the College, and he knows "no such word as fail," to employ a novelty in the way of quotation.

A very effective piece by Watts Phillips, called "His Last Victory," was produced and withdrawn all within a week at the St. James's Theatre. The reason of its sudden disappearance was, that Mr. George Vining made a great hit in one of the principal characters. This, it seems, was not to the taste of Miss Ruth Herbert, the manageress, who objected to any person but herself being too prominent; so away goes "His Last Victory" out of the bills, much to the disgust of Messrs. Watts Phillips and Vining, who have written letters to the journals showing up the caprice and jealousy of the aforesaid Miss Ruth, who, to my mind, is a fourth-rate stock actress, and a feeble one at that. I have long entertained a theory that actresses should not be manageresses. How many good plays have been shelved because they did not contain parts to suit the taste of Madame Manageress. How much trash has been foisted on the public, that she may shine as a central figure—your "Seven Sisters" of the fair Laura Keene could answer this significant query. The fact is, people now-a-days play at managing theatres. Every *entrepreneur* seems to have some special purpose to serve—a wife, or a sister, or a friend to force upon the public; and it must be confessed the public take it all very good naturedly. But to find a vigorous, independent manager—one who will set aside prejudices and avoid favoritism and all cliques—one who will think more of the literature of the stage and the dignity of the art, I say that such managers do not abound on this side of the ocean.

HOWARD PAUL.

Billy Armstrong, according to advices just received from him, was at Riga, Russia, with Carre's Circus. He was the only American equestrian in the company. From Riga he was to go to Berlin, Germany.

For continuation of Theatrical Record see page 115.

DEAD MAN'S ISLAND.

A TALE OF MISSISSIPPI GAMBLERS.

The crusade against professional gamblers had been prosecuted so vigorously in all the lower towns on the river, that the scamps no longer carried so high a hand as they had done. It was not over safe to attract the attention of officers or passengers by plucking their pigeons too incautiously, except perhaps upon such boats as were owned by gamblers, of which indeed there were more than one.

I was descending the river in the old Thunderer, one of the finest boats I have ever seen. She met with a shocking fate the next year, being destroyed by fire, and of her passengers, numbering three hundred, but few escaped.

My room-mate was a bright young fellow, a New Yorker, out upon a collecting tour for his employers, and, as a game of euchre, that I played with him for amusement convinced me, a very skilful but honorable and gentlemanly player.

He was returning to New Orleans, with a considerable sum of money that he had collected for the house he was attached to in New York, and I thought it proper to give him a word of warning about playing for money at all, and especially with strangers on board of a steamboat.

He, however, laughed at my caution; said that this was not his first southern trip; that when last winter he went up the river, he fell in with a gambler who seemed to have taken a fancy to him, and who appeared to know all the principal tricks and marks of cards.

He added, that as to these tricks, he had not the dexterity required to play them off, nor would he do so if he had, but yet he was able to detect them in a moment; and that playing a straightforward open game himself, with plenty of money and unflinching nerve, he had always the advantage of gamblers—so much of their attention being taken up by stocking the cards, and when their plans were defeated, being always annoyed and thrown off from their play.

He further said, that against the gamblers he had entertained a particular spite, as his brother some years since had been nearly ruined by them, when on a business trip similar to his own; and that although he never *sought* a game of poker, he also but seldom *declined* it.

I still urged upon him the great danger to which he exposed himself, but he laughed at my advice, and finally called my attention to three persons then in the cabin, who he said he was morally certain came on board for no other purpose than to bleed him; and, added he, "they shall have the chance."

Of course there was nothing more to be said by me, and before night he had gently slipped into the sporting-gentlemen's net—as they supposed—and was playing a quiet game with moderate stakes.

I watched the game very closely. It was evident, that although apparently playing each for himself, it was a joint business after all among the *chevaliers d'industrie;* and after the game had lasted for a couple of hours or so, when the betting ran at all high, there was but one hand opposed to my room-mate in any one deal, and that one proved invariably the strongest of the three.

For some time after the commencement of the play, the gamblers evidently intended that their pigeon should win, but they need not have taken the trouble, for win he did and would. As he had said, he had nerve enough for anything; plenty of money, knew when to press his play, and when, from the run of the cards against him, to keep in shore.

Presently one of the gamblers proposed to go to the bar and procure a new pack of cards.

"No, sir!" replied my friend; "I prefer waiting until one comes along whom we can send for them."

"Do you suppose that I am going to run any game on you, sir?" demanded the gambler, in the "Ancient Pistol" style.

"No," was the quiet reply; "*I know* you are not."

After this there were no more attempts at careless playing. The three did their best, but continued to lose.

Supper time drew near, and the game was necessarily discontinued for a time. The three went forward, but I kept my eyes upon them, and observed the party assembled on the hurricane deck, at the stern of the boat, evidently engaged in animated conversation. Of this I informed my friend, and advised him to break off the game where it was; but no, he would not hear a word of quitting them, or frightening them off.

After supper they went at it again with a much higher *ante,* and the betting proportionately increased. Many of the passengers were assembled around the table watching the game with interest, and evidently to the great annoyance of the sporting-gentlemen, who made as many remarks, and hinted quite as broadly as they dared about intrusion; but as I have before remarked, their day of rule was over, and they dared not, upon any ordinary occasion, exhibit that insolence, which, backed by their ever-ready weapons, had made them feared, dreaded, and too often submitted to, upon the river boats.

Among the spectators was a tall, portly gentleman, of a very dignified and commanding appearance; who, after intently watching the game for some time, gave me a quiet hint that he had something to say in private; and then walked out upon the guards of the boat.

"Is that young man a friend of yours?" asked he.

I told him all I knew of him in a few words.

"Well, sir," said he, "it's a bad business that he is engaged in; yet he seems to be a fine, honest fellow, plays fairly, and I think the best game of poker I have ever seen, but he is playing with three of the greatest scoundrels unhung; *they* do not know *me,* I think, but *I do them,* and it will be a black day for the rascals, when I find them ashore in my State. They will play him some cantrip yet, mark my words; there is nothing they are not up to; and even if his purse escape their clutches to-night, and there is no other way of fingering his money, they will rob him, if allowed to remain on board the boat; but that I will see to. Have you enough interest in the young man to remain by the table with me as long as they may continue to play?"

I replied that I had.

"Are you armed?" asked he.

"A case of pistols in my state room," answered I.

"Get them, then," said he, "and meet me at the table in a few minutes. I wish to speak to the captain and clerk."

For half an hour longer the game went on as usual; but at last, one of the gamblers, whose turn it was to deal, dropped the cards upon the floor and, I was very sure, changed them for another pack, probably kept ready under a handkerchief which was in his lap. My dignified friend gave me a look, and then placed himself in such a position that the gambler could not remove or conceal the first pack without being seen, if it were indeed beneath the handkerchief, as I supposed.

This manœuvre had not escaped the notice of my acute friend, who chose to let it pass for the moment, not intending to bet on any hand, however good it might be, that he should hold this deal, as he afterwards told me; the most determined man, however, cannot always resist temptation.

As he took up his cards I saw them—he had four aces (an invincible) dealt to him, as I thought at the time, by mistake; but the after-betting puzzled me.

They had been playing for an ante of ten dollars, each party putting up the whole pool in turn; the oldest hand put up a "blind" of fifty dollars, and it was my friend's first say. He "saw" the blind—that is—he laid down one hundred dollars, and then bet two hundred "better"—a capital play, and one very likely to be mistaken by his opponents for a "bluff." The next hand "passed," and then drew his card; the dealer then "saw" the bet, and also bet two hundred dollars "better."

Now, it was the oldest hand's turn; he had passed the first "say" by "going blind." He did not "make his blind good," but threw up his cards, and the contest was between the New Yorker and the gambler. At this juncture you will perceive there were on the table seven hundred and ten dollars, and it was the New Yorker's turn. He appeared in deep thought for a moment, examined his hand, studied it, took out his pocket-book, and not finding what he wanted, unbuttoned his vest, and after some time, pulled out a money belt, and took from it several bills.

"I will cover your bet, and bet you a thousand and forty-five dollars more," said he at last, as cool as a cucumber.

"And what's the forty-five for?" asked "Legs."

"If you 'see' my bet, it will make even money," answered "New York."

It was now the gambler's chance, and he seemed very much excited; and his companions particularly fidgetty; he drew a roll of bills from his pocket, then asked his right hand man for the tobacco; it was handed to him under the table, and then he made his bet.

"I believe you're bluffing me, hoss, and have a good mind to call you," said he, "but I won't here; I'll 'see' your bet, and go five hundred more."

The game was becoming very exciting, and at this moment I saw my dignified new acquaintance give a slight nod to the clerk of the boat, and the latter walked out upon the guards.

"New York" was counting his money. "See your five hundred, and go another thousand," said he laying down three bills of the old United States Bank.

"Legs" examined the money, looked very critically at the pile of bills the New Yorker had by his side, which were seemingly of small amount, took a critical survey of the money-belt, consulted his companion's eyes, and then said, with a hateful sneer: "Well, sir, here's your thousand, and that makes six thousand on the table. Nice little sum; 'most enough to open a snug, quiet bank at Orleans; but here's five thousand better."

"Hold on, hold on, stranger," cried New York, "you oversize my pile; must have a show for my money, you know."

"The d—l you must," retorted "Legs." "If you back down, say so, like a man, and then, if you are flat-footed, I'd lend you a stake to start on. If you don't dare to call me, say so, and don't whine like a puppy or a baby, but give up like a man."

The New Yorker turned very pale, raised his eyes to the surrounding crowd, as if to ask whether they deemed this fair play; then pretended to examine the money in the pool, but did not reply.

"Quit handlin' them 'shin-plasters,' hoss; it's no ways likely they'll trouble your pockets; and just call me, or I'll rake down the pile," growled out "Legs," in an excessively insolent manner.

"One moment, sir," interrupted my new friend. "Here, sir, (showing a pocket-book to the New Yorker,) call him, if you wish."

Up jumped the three gamblers, pistols in hand; but before either could grasp the money, they were seized behind by three stalwart fellows, and then the swearing commenced.

"This game shall be played out, noise or no noise. Open my pocket book, sir, and use the money as you please. Mate, gag these fellows if they swear another oath," said the portly gentleman, in the tone of one born to command.

New York opened the book, found the requisite amount, placed it on the table, and then "called."

"Call and be ——; do you think outsiders can come around, lookin' at our hands, interfering with my game, and lending money? No siree, hoss," yelled out the gambler.

"Will you divide the money, then?" asked the gentleman.

"Not a d——d bit of it. It's mine, and by —— I'll have every red cent of it but your five thousand," replied "Legs." "Say, strangers, (addressing the spectators,) can't you see this is a put up thing—and these two gamblers are here trying to rob a gentleman? Are you going to stand it?

"Turn over their hands," said the gentleman, paying no attention to the other's words.

The cards were faced; "New York" had four aces; "Legs," two Jacks, king, queen and ten.

"Pretty hand that last to bet eight thousand on," remarked the gentleman.

"Bloody robbery, by ——," yelled out the gambler; "but I'll have justice when I get to Orleans, by ——."

"You shall, sir, and before, too; and when you make your complaint, tell Mr. Baldwin that you were robbed by the governor of this State, sir; and if I had you ashore, you should have an opportunity of complaining that you expected to be murdered also on short notice; for as I live, if ever I do catch you there, you will be handed over to the Safety Committee before you can turn up a Jack smart as you are at it. We have been looking for you three gentlemen for the past year, and if you had been found anywhere on the left bank of the river, we should have had you rotting in prison long ere this; or, more probably, dangling from a mulberry or black-jack, with your cronies Cotton and Saunders."

"Captain C——," continued he, addressing the commander of the boat, who had just made his appearance on the scene—"is there any island about here that it would pay to colonize?"

"Just exactly the very place, sir," returned the captain. "We're right above Dead Man's Island—going into the shute now, sir."

"No inhabitants, I believe," demanded the governor.

"None, sir, but rattlesnakes, moccasins, and mosquitos. Shall I land them there, sir?"

"Yes, with a week's supply of bread; not one drop of liquor. Take their weapons away, and any tools of their trade that they may have about them: and if they have any letters or papers on their persons, let the clerk seal them up and deliver them to Mr. Baldwin, with my compliments. Adieu, gentlemen," continued he, addressing the gamblers, as the mate and his men were taking them off, gagged and bound, "you will find your baggage and traps at the Recorder's office, when you arrive at New Orleans."

"And now, sir," to the New Yorker, "you may return my loan; and if I might advise, I think you had better present the large sum you have just won to the orphan asylum, when you arrive: and also, if you will excuse friendly advice, let cards alone for the future, at least among strangers and steamboat travellers."

"I feel truly grateful to you, sir," replied my youn friend. "The money shall be disposed of as you suggest, and I have done with games of chance for life."

THE RACING AND BETTING PEERS.

Half the peerage found representatives in or about the grand stand that memorable day when Teddy the Tyler won. There were plump old lords very tightly braced and girthed up, very stiff about the neckerchief, very shiny about the hat, very rosy, and sometimes slightly purple about their pendulous cheeks—jolly old patricians! How many races had they seen, long before railways were dreamt of, and when the course was kept clear by smock-frocked rustics, temporarily sworn in as constables, and armed with cart whips, instead of being swept by that long, irresistable blue broom of the Metropolitan police; when there was open and undisturbed gambling in all the booths instead of here and there a little furtive cowering, timorous thimble-rigging and card-sharping, and half a dozen stand-up fights, if not more, between every race! Then there were middle-aged noblemen, inclined, in general, to look somewhat seriously and disparagingly at mundane amusement, especially at those in which the lower class of society were permitted to mingle, but who had somehow found themselves in the Grand Stand enclosure early in the afternoon—as they had similarly found themselves any time these twenty years past—with the carriages containing their family, their retainers, and their Fortnum-and-Mason hampers on the hill opposite. The old lords, and the middle-aged lords, and the tall, severe-looking baronets with the white hats and pendant whiskers, and the stalwart gentlemen in body-coats and drab cords, who bore the appearance of being members for the county, or chairmen of quarter sessions, and who, very probably, were entitled to such high styles and dignities, had nothing whatever to do with the rude, hectoring, betting fraternity—oh, dear, no! If ever they were seen down Tattersall's-yard, say on a Sunday afternoon, towards the close of the merry month of May, it was merely for a saunter before dinner. They wouldn't bet on a week-day even, to say nothing of the Sabbath, they were so fond, in Parliament and elsewhere, of making laws about; always for the better preservation of that holy day, and the coercion (for their souls' health) of the wicked worldlings of the lower classes. They only attended the leading races through an unfeigned love for national sports, and a laudably patriotic desire to improve the breed of the British racer. Most meritorious gentlemen, had they not their desire? Had they not so improved horse-racing that the animal itself has come to be a kind of four-legged acrobat—a tight-rope dancer with a mane and tail—a quadruped so precious as to be sometimes the joint stock property of a company of speculators—so precious, that a cold in the head or a pebble in the hoof is a ten thousand pound matter—so precious, that police guards and detectives have to be kept in his stable to prevent his being "nobbled," or poisoned, or maimed by other ardently patriotic improvers of the breed of British racers, only a little too anxious that some other horse, and not the particular racer in question, should win the day? Had they not improved it until a thousand and one ruses, stratagems, intrigues, frauds, and bedevilments have come to environ one of the simplest operations in equine nature—that of a horse going as fast as his legs will carry, or his rider can compel him? Had they not improved it till jockeys have dwindled and dwindled from strong men into little weazened brats of children, riding "feather-weight," forsooth, till the wind almost blows them from their saddles, to dash them against the post on the course? Had they not improved it till the whole turf has become one huge arena of knavery and villainy, and common cheating, the vantage ground of shameless rascals who no longer sleeve cards or cog dice, because the law has left no common gaming-houses for them to play the Greek in.—*"Seven Sons of Mammon," in Temple Bar.*

THE PHYSICAL TRAINING OF GIRLS.

This is the most momentous health problem with which we have to deal, to secure the physical advantages of civilization for American women. Without this there can be no lasting progress. The Sandwich Island proverb says:—

"If strong be the frame of the mother,
Her sons shall make laws for the people."

But in this country it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every man grows to maturity surrounded by a circle of invalid female relatives; that he, later, finds himself the husband of an invalid wife, and the parent of invalid daughters; and that he comes at last to regard invalidism, as Michelet coolly declares, the normal condition of that sex—as if the Almighty did not know how to create a woman. This, of course, spreads a gloom over life.

When I look at the morning throng of school girls, in summer, hurrying through every street, with fresh, young faces, and vesture of lilies, duly curled, and straw-hatted and booted, and turned off as patterns of perfection by proud mammas—is it not sad to me to think that all this young beauty must one day fade and die? The sadness is in the unnatural nearness of the decay, to foresee the living death of disease that is waiting close at hand for so many, to know how terrible a proportion of these fair children are walking unconsciously into a weary, wretched, powerless, joyless, useless maturity. Among the myriad triumphs of advancing civilization, there seems but one formidable danger, and that is here.

It cannot be doubted, however, that the peril will pass by, with advancing knowledge. In proportion to our national recklessness of danger is the promptness with which remedial measures are adopted when they at last become indispensable. In the meantime we must look for proof of the physical resources of women into foreign and even into savage lands. When an American mother tells me with pride, as occasionally happens, that her daughter can walk two miles and back without great fatigue, the very boast seems a tragedy; but when one reads that Oberea, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, lifted Captain Wallis over a marsh as easily as if he had been a little child, there is a slight sense of consolation. Brunhilde, in the "Nibelungen," binds her offending lover with her girdle, and slings him up to the wall.

Cymburga, wife of the Duke Ernest, of Lithuania, could crack nuts between her fingers, and drive nails into a wall with her thumb; whether she ever got her husband under is not recorded. Let me preserve from oblivion the renown of my Lady Butterfield, who, about the year 1700, at Wanstead, in Essex, (England), thus advertised: "This is to give notice to my honored masters, and ladies, and loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, or leap a horse, or run a foot, or *hollo,* with any woman in England seven years younger, but not a day older, because I won't undervalue myself, being now seventy-four years of age."

Nor should be left unrecorded the high-born Scottish damsel whose tradition still remains at the Castle of Huntingtower, in Scotland, where two adjacent pinnacles still mark the Maiden's Leap. She sprang from battlement to battlement, a distance of nine feet and four inches, and eloped with her lover. Were a young lady to go through one of our villages in a series of leaps like that, and were she to require her lover to follow in her footsteps, it is to be feared that she would die without a husband.

COURTESY AT HOME.—Almost any one can be courteous in a neighbor's house. If anything goes wrong or is out of time, or is disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy but natural in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic society. A husband as willing to be pleased at home as he is anxious to be pleased in a neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day for her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make home happy.

To keep your poor relations from troubling you—Commit suicide.

To learn if a girl loves you—Ask her like a man.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

POWER OF FASCINATION IN SNAKES.—Some animals are held in universal dread by others; and among the evil effects produced by these, is that of the rattle snake. Pennant, the celebrated naturalist, says of this snake, that it will frequently lie at the bottom of a tree on which a squirrel is seated. He fixes his eyes on the animal, and from that moment he cannot escape. It begins a doleful outcry, which is so well known that a passer by, on hearing it, immediately knows that a snake is present. The squirrel runs up the tree a little way, comes down again, then goes up, and afterwards comes still lower. The snake continues at the bottom of the tree, with his eyes fixed on the squirrel, and his attention is so entirely taken up, that a person accidentally approaching may make a considerable noise without so much as the snake's turning about. The squirrel comes lower, and at last leaps down to the snake, whose mouth is already distended for its reception. La Vaillant confirms this fascinating terror, by a scene he witnessed. He saw on the branch of a tree, a species of shrike trembling as if in convulsions, and at the distance of nearly four feet, on another branch, a large species of snake, that was lying with outstretched neck and fiery eyes, gazing steadily at the poor animal. The agony of the bird was so great that it was deprived of the power of moving away, and when one of the party killed the snake, it was found dead upon the spot, entirely through fear. The same traveler adds, that a short time afterwards, he observed a small mouse in similar agonizing convulsions about two yards from a snake, whose eyes were intently fixed upon it. On frightening away the reptile, and taking up the mouse, it expired in his hand.

SADDLER'S WELLS.—In a pamphlet published about 1684, in reference to this world-renowned spot, we find the following:—"The water of its well, before the Reformation, was very much famed for many extraordinary cures performed thereby, and was therefore accounted sacred, and called Holy-well. The priests belonging to the priory of Clerkenwell attending there, were in the custom of making the people believe that the virtue of the water proceeded from the efficacy of their prayers; but at the Reformation the well was stopped, upon the suppositon that the frequenting of it was altogether superstitious. So, by degrees, it grew out of remembrance, and was wholly lost until then found out; when a gentleman named Saddler lately built a new music house there, as being surveyor of the highways, had employed men to dig gravel in his garden, in the midst whereof they found it stopped up, and covered with an arch of stone." After the decease of Saddler, Francis Forcer, a musician of some eminence in his profession, became proprietor of the well and music room; he was succeeded by his son, who first exhibited the diversions of rope dancing and tumbling, which were then performed in the garden. The rural vicinity of the "Wells" long made it a favorite retreat of the pleasure-seekers.

WHITE CATS.—It is stated by an authority in such cases, that white cats with blue eyes are always deaf, of which extraordinary fact we have received the following confirmation in the "Magazine of Natural History," conducted by the celebrated Mr. Loudon—"Some years ago, a white cat of the Persian kind (probably not a thorough bred one,) was kept in a family, as a favorite. The animal was a female, quite white, and perfectly deaf. She produced at various times many litters of kittens, of which, generally, some were quite, others more or less mottled, tabby, &c. But the extraordinary circumstance is, that of the offspring produced at one and the same birth, such, as like the mother, were entirely white, were, like her, invariably deaf; while those which had the least speck of color on their fur, as invariably possessed the usual faculty of hearing."

TURKISH MODE OF REPARATION.—On April 25, 1769, at Constantinople, the Turks were removing the standard of Mahomet, making a grand procession through the city; all Christians, on the occasion, being forbid to appear in the streets or at the windows. But the wife and daughter of the Russian minister, excited by curiosity, placed themselves at a secret window, to observe the procession; which was no sooner discovered by the Turks, than they attacked the ambassador's house, and endeavored to force an entrance. But the servants of the minister opposing them, well-armed, a dreadful fray ensued, in which no less than one hundred persons lost their lives, and the ambassador's lady was very severely treated. Some of the rioters dragged her down into the court yard, and made preparations to strangle her; when a party of Janissaries, who were despatched to her assistance by an officer in the neighborhood, happily came and preserved her. Upon complaint of this being made by her husband, to the Grand Vizier, that minister expressed great sorrow for the insult that had been offered, and assured him he should have all the reparation it was possible to procure. A few days afterward, the Vizier sent the ambassador a rich present of jewels for his lady, and a bag, which was said to contain the heads of the three principal rioters.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON A PIGEON.—A well known writer gives an account of the singular effect of music on a pigeon, as related by John Lockman, in some reflections concerning opera, prefixed to his musical drama of "Rosalinda." He was staying at the house of a friend, whose daughter was a fine performer on the harpsichord, and observed a pigeon, which, whenever the young lady played the song of "Speri-si." in Handel's opera of "Admetus," (and this only) would descend from an adjacent dove-house to the room window where she sat, and listen to it apparently with the most pleasing emotions. When the song was finished, the pigeon always returned immediately to the dove-house.

WONDERFUL PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—A gentleman of scientific pursuits, known as Captain Cochrane, set out from St. Petersburgh, in May, 1820, to walk through the interior of Russia, to the east of Asia, with the view of ascertaining the fact of a north-east cape, and traveled at the rate of fifty-three miles a day for one hundred and twenty-three successive days. He afterwards walked four hundred miles without meeting a human being. Wherever he went, he seems to have accommodated himself to the habits of the people, however rude and disgusting. With the Kalmucks, he consumed horse flesh, elks, and wolves; and with the Tchutski, in pasturing upon bears, reindeer, and *raw frozen flesh,* the latter of which he considered a great delicacy.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears the best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, the sick room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. The right education will modify both a little, and unite their good qualities in one.

JUST SO.—A pair of stockings sent by the ladies' committee for the use of some gallant volunteer, was accompanied by the following verse:—

"Brave sentry, on your lonely beat,
May these blue stockings warm your feet;
And when from war and camps you part;
May some fair knitter warm your heart."

Eat only what is proper food;
Drink only that which does you good;
Spend only what you can afford;
Lend only what will be restored;
Then you will have no cause to say
I was a fool on yesterday.

A VOTER in Sierra county, California, was challenged when about to swear his vote in, when the election judge angrily cried out:—

"Take off your hat, haven't you got no respect for me or God Almighty?"

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When the expatriated painter youth
Received a summons from the British nation,
Commanding him, without delay, to come
By the next steamer to his island home.

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